THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Vol. 8 *Spring · 1939* *No. 2*

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The "New History" and "Past Everything" — *Crane Brinton*

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Published Quarterly for General Circulation by

P H I · B E T A · K A P P A

$2.00 a year 50 cents a copy

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR is published four times a year, December, March, June and October by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. The annual subscription is $2 (Canada, $2.25; foreign, $2.50). Publication office, Federal and Nineteenth Streets, Camden, New Jersey. Editorial office, 12 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Camden, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the United States of America. Copyright 1939, by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. Volume 8, No. 2.

Note—Authors who wish manuscripts returned in case publication is not feasible should attach sufficient postage.

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SPRING · 1939 VOLUME 8 · No. 2

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Contents

Factions and Unity in the C.I.O.	Paul Porter	131
The "New History" and "Past Everything"	Crane Brinton	144
Alarms and Excursions in the Balkans	Albert Viton	158
Radio Steps Up Sound	J. O. Perrine	173
From a China Journal (1936–1937)	A. L. Bader	181
German Labor in Zenith and Eclipse	Heinz Guradze	197
Virtue from Wessex: Thomas Hardy	Carl J. Weber	211
The Vedanta and the Western Tradition	Ananda K. Coomaraswamy	223

In the Workshop

Research Projects Aid Schools and Scholars	Donald Cameron	248
Rediscovering American Drama	Eugene R. Page	250

Discussion

They *Shall* Live!	Walter John Marx	253
	Raymond Pearl	255

About Our Authors

	Compiled by Ruth E. Campbell	255

Indexed in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*

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Factions and Unity in the C.I.O.

PAUL PORTER

THE differences that separate the Congress of Industrial Organizations from the American Federation of Labor are more profound than a quarrel over the respective merits of the industrial or craft form of organization. When the breach took place this issue was of first importance. The New Deal's invitation to labor to organize was several years old and labor's greatest opportunity in two generations was already fading. The A. F. of L. with its craft strata was failing to win and hold the mass-production workers in steel, automobiles, oil, rubber and chemicals. The insurgent unions that became the C. I. O. could not afford to view this glimmering prospect with the philosophic calm of the building trades unions; their growth, their own existence, demanded the organization of workers in kindred industries. As is now well known these insurgent unions have largely succeeded in their daring. The new industrial unions have won collective bargaining agreements with the giants of economic power and though several are racked with internal quarrels they show no indications of sub-dividing into crafts as some of the A. F. of L. strategists have hoped. In the absence of a totalitarian state their prospects for long life are apparently no less than those of their model and mentor, the United Mine Workers, now on the threshold of its 50th anniversary.

They were born of a struggle on two fronts: in strikes, sit-downs and walkouts against employers, and in competitive campaigns with an A. F. of L. revitalized by the challenge to its supremacy. The struggle widened the cleavage in the ranks of labor but narrowed the original source of difference. For the A. F. of L. has chartered many industrial unions and the C. I. O. has chartered several craft organizations. If the industrial form

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of organization were now the only important clash unity could be achieved. Conflicting jurisdictions might be compromised or grudgingly conceded. Even long-standing personal dislikes and jealousies which, rubbed raw in the struggle for supremacy, have festered into deep hatreds could nonetheless be overcome. But the circumstances of factional warfare have generated other sources of disunity which are largely obscured in arguments that outlive their causes. One strife is political—not merely the fact that the C. I. O. unions are electorally more cohesive and more conscious of national legislative needs than their A. F. of L. brothers, but also that several have become the prey of a tightly-knit and disciplined political group, the Communist Party, whose immediate aims momentarily parallel those of the C. I. O. The possible influence of the latter factor on the evolution of the C. I. O. I shall discuss later, but to appraise it and other factors in disunity they must first be understood in their relationship to a still greater divergence.

It is a divergence that is not easily defined because it derives from natural differences in the age and youth of organizations and in their responses to environmental circumstances, and too little is as yet known of the biology of social organisms. Its significance is not now adequately appreciated in union administrations or in the universities—not even by the most astute students of labor. Neither were the American founding fathers able to foresee the full significance of the issue of state rights versus federalism in the nation's development. Unmistakable trends, however, are beginning to emerge. The C. I. O. is becoming a more compact organization, with a greater authority at the center and a more willing response to leadership from its members, than is possible in the structure of the A. F. of L. From its inception the A. F. of L., in a wisdom suited to that day, was built on the principle of the autonomy of constituent national and international unions. Each union was sovereign to itself. The A. F. of L. was strictly a federation, without power to enforce its convention decisions upon its affiliates save by persuasion or threat of expulsion.

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Factions and Unity in the C.I.O.

The C. I. O. is not a federation. On the contrary it is evolving toward a unified structure in which the affiliates are becoming departments of the highly centralized body. It therefore possesses, to use a phrase of Bertrand Russell, a greater density of power. When several months ago John L. Lewis made his tongue-in-the-cheek proposal to William Green—that both resign their posts in the interests of unity—Mr. Green replied in effect, and truthfully, that for him to quit would be to deprive his organization of its present leadership but that if Lewis resigned, the direction of power within the C. I. O. would not be altered since Mr. Lewis would still exercise control through the United Mine Workers which he heads and through the unions directly dependent upon it.

In fashioning this new body of centralized power Lewis and his able colleagues, Philip Murray and Sidney Hillman, are the Alexander Hamiltons and John Marshalls of Labor. When commerce was preponderantly local the government that governed least was undeniably the best. But Hamilton was not a Virginia planter. He represented the men of an expanding commerce who found a stronger central government essential to their needs. Similarly when wage rates may be determined locally, as within the building industry whose products are used where they are constructed, the evils of centralized leadership may outweigh the benefits. The building trades unions, which have always been the decisive power within the A. F. of L., need their Federation, but mainly as an arbiter of conflicting jurisdictions. In prose that is perhaps less precise but no less colorful than Calhoun's, their leaders at A. F. of L. conventions echo his sentiments.

No such simple tasks confront Labor's Hamiltonians. A Chicago carpenter's hourly wage scale of $1.50 is not menaced by a 70-cent scale for the same work in Alabama. But an Illinois miner has reason to be concerned about southern pay or the costs of digging coal in Nova Scotia or Germany. Lewis knows from bitter experience that union scales cannot be maintained against the competition of non-union mining areas. Nor can

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the union be held together unless the whole industry is organized and a uniform policy is pursued. In 1927, by consenting in the famous "Jacksonville Agreement" to a reduction in the central soft coal areas, Lewis attempted a strategic retreat in the hope of a later advance. But the retreat in the unionized areas inspired no confidence in the miners in the Southern and Western fields and they remained outside the protection of the United Mine Workers. Meanwhile the union miners rebelled. In Illinois there was a split that has not yet healed, and U. M. W. membership dwindled from the 1924 peak of 497,000 to a scant 150,000 in 1932.

Even without the Socialist traditions that are part of the garment workers' heritage, Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and David Dubinsky of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union would have known that a concentration of authority is necessary if union standards are to be preserved in an industry where manufacturers may skip overnight from New York to Tupelo, Mississippi. To be successful under these circumstances a union needs an ample treasury, a leadership with the power to make quick decisions, a large staff of seasoned organizers, a research bureau, a press, classes for the training of local leaders and a political lobby. In no unions, not even in the rail organizations whose problems are preponderantly national, were these technical instruments more highly developed than in the garment unions. It is impossible to measure the extent to which the C. I. O. structure has been influenced by the techniques of these unions, especially of Mr. Hillman's Amalgamated, but it is obviously considerable and is increasing.

Three men have the power to determine the policies of the C. I. O. They are Lewis, Hillman and Murray (long Lewis' top-ranking aide in the miners' union and now director of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee). Voting strength at the first convention of the Congress for Industrial Organizations, held in November 1938 at Pittsburgh, was based on a reported though doubtless inflated membership of 3,787,877 (exclud-

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ing the International Ladies Garment Workers, who withdrew on the eve of the convention). Lewis, Murray and Hillman with their respective delegations cast a total vote of 1,390,345. But this is not a full measure of their strength. The Gas, By-Product Coke and Chemical Workers union, with a reported membership of 55,220, is a subsidiary of the United Mine Workers and may hardly be expected to vote against the parent organization. Nor are the six other organizing committees likely to do so since they have no chartered status. They reported a membership of 566,749. Added to the foregoing this gives to Lewis, Murray and Hillman and the men almost sure to vote with them an excess of 2,000,000 votes, a clear majority.

Expanded membership in the future will alter the voting strength of the C. I. O. constituents but probably not the control by the triumvirate. Lewis, Murray and Hillman are not men to nurture insurgents. On account of his independence Homer Martin, the young Baptist minister whose eloquence carried him to the presidency of the bumptious United Automobile Workers, has fared badly. In a desperate move to quell factionalism he suspended four vice-presidents and the union's secretary-treasurer in June 1938. Later a majority of the union's executive board expelled all but one of these. The ousted officers and a considerable number of locals appealed to Lewis, who dispatched Hillman and Murray to Detroit as mediators. As skilled and earnest negotiators they effected what appeared to be a settlement of the factional quarrel by wooing the executive board majority from Martin. For a time Martin reluctantly yielded. But at the end of January the quarrel had broken out with renewed virulence. Martin suspended 15 of the 24 board members. Three others joined the 15, and the 18 suspended Martin and his supporters. Which group legally represents the United Automobile Workers became a problem for the courts to decide. Each side has called its own convention. The C. I. O. supports the anti-Martin forces. Hillman and Murray announced Martin's expulsion from the C. I. O. executive board—

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though only the board may expel one of its own members and the board has not met since the C. I. O. convention in mid-November. Unless the union's membership overrules both factions, or one side or the other yields, the automobile workers will have to choose between two rival unions. It would not be surprising if many, in disgust, decline to choose either.

In contrast to their struggle with Martin, Stalinists have entrenched themselves fairly easily in more than a dozen C. I. O. national unions. With few exceptions these Communists are not identified by an open profession of their political faith. In meeting the exigencies of the times the disciples of Stalin, unless they are paid party functionaries, hold there is no worse insult than to be called Communists. He who calls a spade a spade is a red-baiter. Communists operating in mass organizations prefer to designate themselves as True New Dealers, Liberal Catholics or Honest Progressives. This nomenclature, at first confusing, becomes for the experienced observer an aid to identification. Then too there are other ways. An ornithologist does not rely upon his objects of study announcing themselves to be sparrows or bluejays. He determines their species by careful observation of their characteristics and their behavior patterns. Stalinists may be recognized by the faithfulness with which their conduct hews to the frequently changing "party" line. They or their shadows occupy a commanding position in the leadership of the following unions: Office and Professional Workers, Fur Workers, Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's, Transport Workers, International Woodworkers of America, American Communications Association, and State, County and Municipal Workers. They are a factor of considerable importance in the Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers; the Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians; the Packinghouse Workers; the National Maritime Union; the United Automobile Workers; the Newspaper Guild; and the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers. In several of these unions their control is almost complete but in others it is

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vigorously contested. The national leadership of the Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers is Communist but the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, a division of this organization, recently ousted a member of its executive board because he was a Communist.

Communists are not content to share power. Inexperienced or weak men who will enact their will may serve as acceptable leaders but not persons of strong will who hold conflicting views. These become, if they cannot be maneuvered out of power by ordinary methods, Lovestonites, Trotskyists, or even Japanese spies. Not infrequently the real Trotskyists and real Lovestonites (though neither exercise a significant influence in the C. I. O.) reply in kind. The quarreling Marxist parties, like many of the churches, illustrate again that many of man's most unkindly acts derive from disputes on how best to promote human brotherhood. The Office and Professional Workers union, whose potential membership of several million white collar employees may hardly be expected to manifest a concern over the complexities of Russian politics, is one of the unions ruled rigorously from the top by the disciples of Stalin. When the San Francisco local, then one of the largest in the national union, chose Socialist officers, the national administration proposed yielding a considerable portion of the membership to Harry Bridges' Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. Mr. Bridges, even if Mr. Dies affirms it, is unquestionably a Stalinist, in behavior if not in baptism. His union, with its national offices in San Francisco, was better prepared to deal with insurgency than the remote Lewis Merrill administration in New York. Finally, since the office workers in San Francisco preferred not to be classified as longshoremen, almost the entire local joined the A. F. of L.

Messrs. Lewis, Hillman and Murray are not converts nor are they fellow travelers of the Communist Party. The Communists are rendering what the C. I. O. chieftains consider useful services at this stage of C. I. O. development. They are used but not approved. In some instances they have performed

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unusually creditable organizing work—as in the Transport Workers union or the Packinghouse Workers union, where their control is only partial and their trade union performance has been impressive. In the early stages of organizing many of the new unions the Communists were very helpful. Long before the C. I. O. had undertaken the organization of the mass-production industry the Communists had maintained an elaborate framework of unions. These had existed mostly on paper but they had been built around a faithful and militant nucleus of experienced party members who knew how to chair meetings, make motions, give speeches, prepare reports and organize a picket line—all indispensable when thousands of workers without previous trade union experience flocked to union halls. In the steel industry Communists had penetrated a number of company unions and had become their officers. Many of these unions they delivered as a body to the Steel Workers Organizing Committee. Since the catastrophe of the Little Steel Strike in the summer of 1937, however, Mr. Murray has weeded out many of the Stalinist leaders. Years ago Mr. Hillman broke their influence in his Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and though many Communists became organizers for the Textile Workers Organizing Committee, the Amalgamated's favorite ward, most of them have since been eliminated.

The Communist sphere of influence is, for the most part, not in the unions that founded the C. I. O. or in the unions which were organized directly by it but in those which came to it from the A. F. of L. Like most other unions established under the stimulus of the NRA or the Wagner Act they had been treated as second-class citizens by the A. F. of L. hierarchy. The Office and Professional Workers had been repeatedly rebuffed in their pleas for a charter as a national union; under the A. F. of L. they had been merely uncoordinated local unions, denied the services of national organizers. The agricultural workers' locals had had a similar experience. The National Maritime Union was born of a struggle against certain officials of the A. F. of L. Seaman's union whose practises were on the shady

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side. The woodworkers' relationship to the Carpenters' union was analogous to the American colonies' relationship to King George III. They paid dues but they didn't vote. The Transport Workers organized the subway moles of New York as an independent union. These subway employees were admitted to the Machinists' union in a special category and were then marked by the A. F. of L. executive council for division between the Machinists' and the Street and Electric Railway Employes. They could preserye the industrial character of their organization only by leaving the A. F. of L. All these were grievances made to order for the Communists. Bungling by A. F. of L. organizers strengthened the Communist minority in the Auto Workers. In several instances Communists led secessions from A. F. of L. unions which were quite progressive but which they couldn't control. The A. F. of L. union of state, county and municipal workers was in no sense reactionary, but Communists fostered a split-off to which the C. I. O. gave a home in its efforts to surpass the A. F. of L. membership. The United Furniture Workers, in breaking away from the progressive Upholsterers, merely brought further confusion, not organization, to the furniture industry.

The strategy of adding members to the C. I. O. by subtracting them from the A. F. of L. has not been universally helpful to the C. I. O. Harry Bridges' longshoremen are a case in point. Bridges' popularity on the Pacific Coast is equalled if not exceeded by the strong dislike that many workers hold for him. The 1934 general strike in San Francisco lifted him to fame but it is erroneous to assume that the longshore and maritime workers are indebted to only one man. Harry Lundeberg, a Norwegian sailor of syndicalist views, led a successful rebellion against the decrepit leadership of the old seamen's union and his followers, when forced out of the A. F. of L., became the powerful Sailors Union of the Pacific. Lundeberg was a partner with Bridges in establishing the Maritime Federation which included almost all West Coast maritime workers in its ranks. But as Bridges' loyalty to Stalinism became more evi-

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dent, a coolness developed between the two leaders and eventually there came an open split.

Lewis, looking for a West Coast director for the C. I. O., turned first to Lundeberg. Lundeberg's union voted to join the C. I. O. and the agreement was nearly consummated. But since the appointment of Bridges offered the lure of taking a large bloc of workers from the A. F. of L. Bridges rather than Lundeberg became director. The sailors reversed their decision to join the C. I. O. and have since entered the A. F. of L. Now Lundeberg is making a bid to establish his organization on the Great Lakes and the East Coast also—territory in which the National Maritime Union has been supreme for several years. Meanwhile an anti-Stalinist majority has been elected to the N. M. U. executive board and a merger with Lundeberg's group is possible. On the West Coast Bridges has stirred the ire of many C. I. O. unionists. Several important local unions seceded temporarily from the Los Angeles C. I. O. council. The surface has since been calmed but turmoil still rumbles underneath. Relations with A. F. of L. rank and file members have been more troubled on the West Coast than anywhere else. Bridges' dominance was probably a factor in the withdrawal of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union from the C. I. O. on the eve of its first convention.

The time may be approaching when Lewis, Hillman and Murray will begin a quiet purge of the Stalinists. Bridges was brusquely squelched by Lewis at the Pittsburgh convention. Had the Dies committee been less noisy in its demand for his deportation as an alien he might have been discarded by Lewis before this. But there is no record that Lewis, though often ruthless, has ever deserted men under fire who have stood by him.

The Communists have probably by this time contributed what the triumvirate considers to be their major usefulness. They have served to recruit new members. More important, they have contributed to the centralization of power. In perfecting the techniques of centralized power they are unsur-

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passed. The Russian Bolshevik party, after which all Communist parties of the world are patterned, was of necessity a conspiratorial organization in which the authority to make decisions was vested in a few men. In democratic countries the ideological heirs of Bolshevism have found it to their advantage to preserve and develop these techniques, even while they have revised the content of their program. They have been a praetorian guard for disciplining the insurgent spirit of the United Automobile Workers, for curbing the insistence on autonomy and for inducing a greater dependence on the C. I. O. leadership. And in this may lie their own eventual undoing. They have helped place in the hands of Lewis and his close associates the instruments for their own ouster.

The social forces that have fostered a Hamiltonian trend in the C. I. O. have also been operative in the A. F. of L. but with this difference: A. F. of L. leaders have concentrated authority in order to hold it, which is usually not a sign of health in any organization; the C. I. O.'s centralization of power has come in its youth and is an expected prelude to greater growth. Mr. Green has denounced the increasing density of power in the newer organization as dictatorship (which it isn't) but his executive council has found it convenient, in fighting the C. I. O., to gather power in ways not intended by Samuel Gompers, P. J. McGuire and Adolph Strasser when they founded the A. F. of L. 57 years ago. The Federation's constitution gave the executive council no authority to suspend affiliates; only a convention might suspend them and then only by a two-thirds vote. But when its rule was threatened by the Lewis insurgency the executive council of the A. F. of L. suspended, in August 1937, the affiliated unions that had joined the Committee for Industrial Organization. This usurpation it legalized at a subsequent convention in which the suspended unions had no voting strength. A cornerstone of Federation philosophy has been the policy of non-partisanship in politics. Local and state units were for decades at liberty to support the candidates of their choice, regardless of party or of Federa-

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tion preferences. But in November 1938 Mr. Green demanded the resignation of James McDevitt and David Williams, president and secretary of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, because they supported former Governor Earle for the United States Senate. Mr. Green had endorsed the Republican James J. Davis.

The traditional looseness in the A. F. of L. structure has not in itself promoted democracy in the A. F. of L. unions. Some have been as democratic as any organization in the world—notably the Typographical Union, whose officers are elected by referendum and whose important decisions may be made in the same manner. This union is the only one in which a party system, paralleling the parties of a republic, has developed. Its two major parties, Progressives and Independents (or Juanitas), conduct annual campaigns with all the verve of Republicans and Democrats. The Machinists and Carpenters also elect by referendum, although the latter restricts the franchise to Class A members, i.e. to those who pay full dues and benefit premiums. But in some other A. F. of L. unions the practise of democracy is on a par with that in some of the nominally democratic republics of Latin-America. Various unions, including the United Mine Workers in the late 'Twenties, have had their "Long Parliaments" during which regular conventions have been indefinitely postponed. The International Leather Workers Union has not had a convention for 18 years. In some local unions, notably in Chicago and New York, which have been captured by racketeers, pistols rather than gavels have been used in chairing meetings. When taxed by critics for permitting this situation A. F. of L. leaders have replied that each international union is sovereign unto itself. On occasion Communist delegates have been barred from A. F. of L. conventions, but no grant of authority has been sought for invoking similar restrictions against racketeers who have at times worn delegates' badges. The A. F. of L. constitution decrees that neither race nor creed shall be an obstacle to membership, but a score or more national and international unions bar Ne-

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groes, openly or by indirection, and the federation has found no way to remove the ban.

Increased centralization in the labor movement raises new difficulties for democratic procedure. Organizations directed too largely from the top may not produce gifted new leaders. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers may hold a warning. Its present leadership is probably the most brilliant group of close-working executives in the labor movement. All are founders of the union, now in its 27th year. They make the decisions and are invariably reelected without opposition. But more and more of its organizers are hired not from its own ranks but from other unions. The union does not appear to be producing a new generation of the caliber of Hillman, Rosenblum, Miller, Potofsky and Schlossberg.

Democratic control is not incompatible with a strong leadership but it cannot be developed or maintained without conscious effort. This consists of much more than indoctrination of the rank and file. The Stalinists, if they should further entrench, would indoctrinate but they do not foster the independence of thinking, the self-reliance, that is requisite to internal as well as external growth. Because the A. F. of L. for the most part failed on these counts it stagnated and was unable to perform the tasks which gave rise to the Lewis insurgency. If the C. I. O. also fails, the decline in democracy will be not merely a loss to the labor movement but to a society that finds the complexities of industrialism too baffling to be mastered.

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The "New History" and "Past Everything"

CRANE BRINTON

"A New History, *qui nous vient des Etat-Unis bien entendu.* . . . The New History, which comes to us from the United States of course, declares with pride that to attain its aims its followers must be at once economists, sociologists, philosophers and journalists, altogether omniscient; in short—Americans." With these words the late Albert Mathiez, who held the chair of history of the French Revolution at the University of Paris, began a few years ago a review of the writer's *The Jacobins: An Essay in the New History*. I am not here, however, interested in these sentiments of Mathiez's but in another and perhaps less obvious one, the antagonism between one generation of historians and another.

Some such feeling of antagonism between older and younger generations is a commonplace of cultural history, at least among modern Western societies to which Frenchmen as well as Americans belong. We may love and respect parents and grandparents in the flesh and in memory, as persons, but we cannot think of them as a generation in its prime, of their poetry, clothes, furniture or habits of love-making, without a touch of amusement or pity or contempt or impatience, and usually with an unstable compound of such feelings.

The analysis of this compound of feelings with which one generation regards another is one of the problems which fascinates the historian today. Just what did "Victorian" mean to the average literate Edwardian for instance? Why did the generation of Wordsworth and Coleridge have so vocal a hatred for the 18th century and all its works? These are nice questions, for not in all ranges of human activity does the process

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go on evenly; the Victorian novel seemed generally less ridiculous in 1908 than did most Victorian poetry and neither seemed quite so ridiculous as the bustle or Anglo-Venetian Gothic. A generation is in one sense an artificial entity, not to be confounded with the sovereign individual; Byron, a contemporary of Wordsworth and Coleridge, admired and tried to imitate the 18th century. What we call masterpieces may in some way be raised above the jealousy of generations, immune even to the subtlest of cultural changes. What we are nowadays tempted to capitalize as "Science" may also be exempt from the changes of fashion and taste, may be simply cumulative; modern physics may add to the work of Newton but it does not supplant him and certainly does not make him seem ridiculous.

The writing of history is in itself by no means exempt from the processes of historical change. Our own generation has perhaps not seen a "crisis," a revolutionary change in the writing of history. But certainly in this country historians who had matured or were maturing in the early decades of the 20th century feel pretty strongly about the inadequacy of their immediate predecessors. There is no doubt something ungrateful about this attitude. The newest of the newer historians is really in debt to the narrowest of the old historians for part of a heritage of historical method without which he would be helpless indeed. But the ungratefulness of children is a fact of life enshrined in some very eloquent passages of literature. Before we see how and why the present generation wants to rewrite history we must see how history has been written in the recent past.

History as a record of the past goes back into times wrongly called prehistoric. Hardly a legend or a myth but has a good sound basis in fact, and Homer—or Homer-in-commission—is, besides much else, a historian. Formal history dates from Herodotus and Thucydides in the 5th century B.C., and modern historians are likely to look back to the early 19th century as the turning point at which "scientific" history began. By

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common consent the great German historian Leopold von Ranke, whose long life almost coincided with the last century, stood for the last generation as a kind of symbol or epitome of what the historian should be. A famous phrase from the introduction to his first major work, *er will bloss erzeigen, wie es eigentlich gewesen* (he will simply show how it really happened) has ever since stood as the avowed ideal of the guild of professional historians.

In accordance with this ideal the historian must first of all try to be as detached and objective as possible. He must not make judgments on the men and women about whom he writes; above all, since these are the most tempting, the easiest, he must not make moral judgments. He must apprentice himself carefully in his difficult craft, master rules of evidence, chronology, geography and a whole set of auxiliary disciplines as they are needed: paleography, or the science of old handwritings (and by the way the oldest are by no means the meanest—most 17th-century hands are very hard indeed to decipher, and the individualistic 19th century produced some very crabbed specimens); diplomatics, or the science which deals with ancient official documents, diplomas, charters, bulls and the like; sphragistics, or the science which studies seals; archeology, or the science which studies old monuments and other artifacts; epigraphy, or the science of inscriptions. The historian must go to original documents so far as possible. He must consult eye-witnesses insofar as they have left records, must look for the man's own words, must concern himself above all with what are called *primary* sources—charters, parliamentary proceedings and papers, wills and other legal documents, letters, treaties. He will be cautious about using memoirs and autobiographies and even more cautious about using what are called *secondary* sources—that is, the works of other historians.

All this preparation is necessary to provide the historian with his supply of facts. These facts he must somehow arrange, put together in a narrative, a synthesis. Today we are likely to ac-

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cuse our immediate predecessors of being a bit naive about this process. They carried their work of critical analysis very far indeed, but they seem now to have been rather unquestioning and superficial when they came to synthesis. They were much impressed, as was almost everyone in the 19th century, with the prestige of natural science, and they thought of themselves above all as bringing to the study of history some of the methods of natural science. "Induction" was then, and in a sense still is, a magic word. Induction was the direct appeal to facts, which when appealed to were thought to have a way of arranging themselves automatically in the order that is objective truth. Get the facts, then, the real facts, and you have "what really happened."

In practice, of course, these 19th-century historians arranged their facts according to patterns of narration which they had inherited from a long line of ancestor-historians who had never heard of "Science"—ultimately indeed from Homer and those marvellous historians who recounted the wanderings of the children of Israel. They were interested, after all, in the "story." They wrote with infinite detail and caution about just what went on in Paris during the three days' riot which culminated in the fall of the Bastille, or about what the diplomatists said and did in Vienna in 1815, but they did tie these details together into a connected narrative.

Some of them, Ranke himself for instance or the late Edward Channing in America, wrote long, many-volumed histories of a country or a period, histories of the Papacy in early modern times or of the United States from Leif Erickson to the present. These were what the French call *oeuvres de longue haleine*, great histories not very different in form and scope from those written by their precursors, literary historians like Gibbon. But these 19th-century historians were a little afraid of the dangers of the dramatic and the rhetorical and sometimes they seem to have taken pains to avoid being too interesting. At any rate they did not consciously write for a great public or for eternity. Channing himself is said to have re-

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marked that he would be satisfied if his history were of some use for 25 years. Thucydides and Gibbon had higher hopes.

Most professional historians did not even attempt these large-scale works but contented themselves with articles in learned periodicals and with monographs on minute subjects. There is a 1300-page monograph, in format something like a telephone directory for Manhattan, which deals with the history of the Paris Commune for three months during the year 1792. It is an invaluable study, but only for the specialist in the history of the French Revolution. For the average reader it is surely as unreadable, if not as incomprehensible, as one of those multi-hyphenated chemistry theses one sees in lists of work done for the Ph.D. in an American university.

Few professional historians, however immersed they might be in the study of a narrowly specialized field, disdained the financially and perhaps pedagogically profitable writing of text-books in history. But these books rarely reached the general reader who had passed beyond the necessity of plugging for examinations, and they were even more rarely additions to learning or literature. History seemed, by about 1900, to have gained scope and accuracy at the expense of its audience, to have become almost as much a mystery to the man in the street as the natural sciences it aped, and a much less impressive mystery.

The attack—the word is not too strong—which our generation has made on professional academic history as it flourished until very recently was by no means a coordinated effort made by men who knew just what they wanted to put in its place, and who were agreed as to just what they liked and what they did not like in the work of their predecessors. It has been rather a series of isolated snipings from first one point and then another, and it must be confessed at the outset that it has not been consolidated into anything like a final victory. The old school is still strong and there is no new school but only schools. We are most of us today, perhaps, stronger as critics than as builders, creators. Nevertheless, to take America alone and but a few

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examples out of many, the work of men like the late James Harvey Robinson, Mr. Charles Beard, Mr. Harry Elmer Barnes, Mr. Conyers Read, Mr. Frederick J. Teggart, does show a definite series of breaks with the past. It will be worth while to look into some of the criticisms men like these have made of the kind of historical writing we have just outlined.

In the first place there has long been a feeling of regret, even among the most successful practitioners of "scientific" and monographic history, that the educated general reader has lost touch with professional historical writing. Some of this feeling is good sound wounded pride. It is discouraging to be read only by pupils who are obliged to read you or by colleagues who are afraid not to read you. The devotion to source material, to primary authorities, had gone so far that a really conscientious historian would have grave doubts about the value of any secondary work—including, of course, his own. This is a paradox uncomfortable beyond most paradoxes. It is perhaps still more discouraging to have had ample evidence in recent years that the general reader is more interested than ever in the past, that instead of reading your work he is devouring Freudian biographies, journalistic confessions, realistic historical novels. It is painful to reflect that even length no longer seems to keep him from reading accounts of the past if he finds them interesting.

In these circumstances a good many of the most respected leaders of the profession have announced publicly that the professional historian ought to make an effort to recapture the attention of serious readers who once read, and indeed still do read, their Parkman and their Macaulay. History after all deals with matters not technical and remote like those that concern the mathematician but with the stuff of daily life. It has always been a part of the consciousness of educated men and women, part of that complex, vague but real thing we call culture. Trained historians have at their command a large and potentially useful part of that culture.

Hitherto the intentions of these critics of academic exclusiveness have been better than their performance. They are

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faced with an obvious quandary. If they condescend to the melodramatic simplicities and the sensationalism they discern in their competitors among the biographers, journalists and novelists they will do violence to their training. Moreover this very training, and the temperament that made them choose to undergo it, will make them awkward melodramatists and sensationalists. If, however, they are too true to their standards they will be as unread as were the older academic historians they criticised. They must no doubt attempt to reach that remote and beautiful abstraction, the Golden Mean, and write the readable history which will conform to their professional standards.

A second line of attack is more definitely associated with what in this country is called the "New History." There were, and are, new historians all over the United States but the phrase itself was popularized by James Harvey Robinson, and what might fairly be called the headquarters of an active movement to further the interests of the new history was formed at Columbia University in the years just after the turn of the century. Through men like Robinson, Beard, Dunning, Shotwell and others and by means of pupils and disciples the word was spread throughout the country.

The new historians accused the old historians of neglecting what now seems really important in the past—the history of the common man, of his customs, clothes, beliefs, means of livelihood, of the intimate little relationships that meant so much more to him than the fanfare of war and politics. The old historians were reproached for neglecting social, economic and intellectual history in favor of political and military history, for writing exclusively of kings, courtiers, priests and generals and forgetting the common man. Their histories were accurate and unbiased enough and no doubt they had learned a lot of useful things about historical investigation. But their work was stale and profitless because it had nothing, or very little, to do with explaining the world we live in. The old historians were isolated in a tower, but in nothing so nice as an ivory tower. On the whole it seemed to be made of wood.

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From this last reproach we can learn something very important about the new historians. Robinson, his friends and disciples were all "progressives," greatly influenced by the hopeful liberal-socialism of such pre-War figures as H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw. They were in our native phrase good Jeffersonians and came naturally by their interest in the common man. But they also held that if you could somehow get to understand the *whole* of the past of a society like ours, learn just how all the stupidities, the superstitions, the inequalities and the other defects we see all about us came to be, you could then take sensible measures to improve matters. To achieve any such knowledge, history must be much more than what the English historian Seeley had called it, "past politics." It must study the noblest religions and philosophies and the humblest of occupations, the silliest of hobbies. The historian must deal with *everything* in the past. He must try to understand the religion, arts, literature, music, politics, economics, sports, family and sex life and a good deal else about the people and time he is studying. One begins to sympathize a bit with Mathiez who doubted the wisdom of aiming at such omniscience.

The new historians have, however, made a valiant attempt to live up to their principles. They have of course written textbooks, some of which are extraordinary little encyclopedias, chronologically arranged. They have indeed so much to cram into a limited space that sometimes their work resembles in bareness the catalog of ships in the *Iliad*. Students of 19th-century Europe, however, will find not only Metternich, Napoleon III and Bismarck in their textbooks, but also Montessori, de Rezke, Hazlitt, Lyell, Dostoevski, Forbes-Robertson, Pasteur, Krafft-Ebing and a whole string of others. Most of these names will have at least one adjective to help them stick in the memory.

It is not altogether fair to the new historians to throw their textbooks in their teeth. Their other work has been solid and extensive. Thanks to the modern technique of scholarly collaboration they really have written about "past everything." In the more ancient past no records were left of a good deal of

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human activity that nowadays interests the historian very much. Except through archeological remains we know very little about many phases of the daily life of the Athenians or the Romans. Thucydides and Livy were occupied with higher matters. But wherever the new historians can find materials, and especially therefore in the field of modern history, they have turned to the little things of everyday life. America has offered them a field day. You can find histories of refrigeration in America, histories of baseball, of bundling, of the laundry industry, of the horse-and-buggy age.

A third line of attack is directed against the narrow interpretation which the older generation of historians gave to the word "science." There are still a few, and notably the English historian Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, who seem to feel that the alliance with science has meant the abandonment of an even more precious alliance with literature. They believe the historian nowadays should try to renew the last alliance, should be proudly and self-consciously a man of letters. But, as Mr. Allan Nevins has maintained in his recent *The Gateway to History* (a book which brings out admirably the vitality and variety of historical writing today), the old debate as to whether history is a science or an art has proved unprofitable and is gradually dying out. It has proved unprofitable because, as we are coming to see, the antithesis between science and art is a false one, maintained only by the incurably, if enjoyably, sentimental. Science we regard, not as the discovery of an absolute, determined order inherent in facts but as the arrangement of facts by a process in which the mind of the scientist plays a part as "creative" and ultimately unanalyzable as the artist's.

The older historians, however, were contemporaries of men like Herbert Spencer and were much influenced by what may be described as the mechanistic absolutism so popular with 19th-century physical scientists. Spencer, though he persuaded himself he was disavowing metaphysics, really believed that the scientist discovers the ultimate structure of the universe, that his laws are somehow descriptions of ultimate reality.

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Buckle's famous *History of Civilization in England*, for instance, is based on this now outmoded kind of positivism. It is outmoded because recent work in physics and astronomy together with investigations into scientific method by men as different as Poincaré, Mach and Whitehead has brought science back to a more humble and sceptical position. Even the "exact" sciences are no longer regarded by their best practitioners as exact in the sense of absolute, perfect, finished accounts of a reality beyond the alterations of experiment and thought.

These are difficult matters but their implications for the historian are clear enough. In the first place he need not feel that the uncertainties and inaccuracies of his investigations leave him in a position of hopeless inferiority before the glorious certainties of physical science. Like the other social sciences, history has a long way to go before it can compare, in its results, with even those biological sciences with which it has most in common. But it does not face the impossible. In the second place the historian can free himself from some of the unnecessary difficulties raised by Ranke's formula, *as it really happened*. That formula is in many ways still useful. It emphasizes the need for good source materials, for constant reference to the facts, for objectivity—or at least common honesty—in handling the facts. But the famous formula contained certain metaphysical overtones we are well rid of. As interpreted by many of the older historians it implied that a historian could somehow get at a reality that lay altogether outside his thinking—that "what really happened" was in itself a fact awaiting discovery. We can now admit that the past in this sense is forever lost to us; that the historian must relate his facts to a pattern, a conceptual scheme of which he can require only that it prove useful; that, like the physicist's conceptual scheme for the electron, it proves a convenient way of accounting for known facts and for leading to the discovery of hitherto unknown facts. The historian can get rid of the incubus of absolutism implied in "as it really happened" and accept all the advantages of a frankly relativistic position.

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This generation of historians, then, finds that its predecessors were too contemptuous of the demands of the general educated reading public, that they neglected economic, social and intellectual history in favor of political and military history, and that their view of science was a narrowly positivistic and absolute one which, in practice, limited their work to the monographic treatment of details which they never adequately synthesized.

The task of regaining a wider public is by no means the easiest one the professional historian faces today. We have seen that neither his training nor his disposition makes it easy for him to write interestingly, that on the whole he cannot compete with the new biographers and the historical novelists on their own ground. Moreover the kind of sociological history he feels he must write is in itself much harder to bring into a satisfactory focus than the old narrative history. Though Macaulay's famous chapter on the condition of England in 1685 is one of the best in his work he relied in the great bulk of his history on straightforward narrative and on the analysis of character. Elie Halévy, in his history of the English people in the 19th century, devoted a whole volume to the description of England in 1815—and a good many readers feel he takes a long time to get into his story. However interesting the details of social and economic history may be, strung together they are bound to pall. They cannot be given a consistently dramatic movement as can political history. At best they can be put together to form a picture or series of pictures, and that is what the best social historians, like Herodotus or Macaulay, have done. But even if the social historian succeeds in making an interesting picture he still has to give the picture meaning. And that meaning, according to our present aims, must be drawn in a set of generalizations or uniformities of the kind the scientist draws from his materials. Such uniformities, however, must in the present state of history and its related social sciences lack most of the qualities that give an audience to the natural scientist who is willing to unbend and write for the general public.

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The economist has not disposed of the business cycle as the sanitary engineers have disposed of the germ of typhoid fever. Gresham's law is pretty unimpressive compared with Mendel's laws. History is in an even worse case. No good historian, familiar though he be with revolutions in the past, would dare try to predict when and where the next revolution will break out on this earth.

The task of interesting the common man will probably have to be postponed until history has worked out a more satisfactory method of handling its immensely complicated materials. A good deal can no doubt be accomplished even now, but it will presumably have to be done by a conscious return to something like the methods of the "literary" historians of several generations ago. There is no reason why a historian of sufficient attainments should not, with changes of style and outlook appropriate to our times, do as good a job as Parkman and Motley. Meanwhile those who are fascinated by the possibilities of the new sociological history must content themselves with working towards first approximations of laws or uniformities in the behavior of men in societies in the past. The prospect is by no means discouraging. The beginnings of chemistry look pretty crude now. It would be presumptuous, because impossible, to try to indicate here just how this sociological historian will proceed. But it may be worth while to indicate by an example something of the kind of problem that seems worth attacking and something of the way that seems to offer a useful approach. Neither problem nor approach, of course, is really new.

We may take the study of revolutions as our example of the attempt to make history a science in the modern sense of the word. The historian must first limit his subject. He will be wise not to attempt the study of all revolutions—for one thing because he cannot possibly know that he has included them all. He will limit himself to perhaps three or four of the better-known modern revolutions, such as the American, the French and the Russian. He will not involve himself in complicated attempts to define the term "revolution" but accept the fact

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that men have agreed to apply this term to these movements. He will depend on the labors of the many careful historians who have already published the results of their studies of various phases of these revolutions. They have certainly made mistakes, but he will know that if you wait until you are absolutely certain of all your facts you will never get anywhere with your uniformities.

Having garnered an adequate supply of facts—and his conscience as scientist and artist is all that can tell him when the supply is adequate—the historian will then arrange them according to some conceptual scheme. This scheme he will not expect to be "true" in any absolute sense but merely useful, enabling him to discern uniformities in the facts. For the study of revolutions at present some such conceptual scheme as that of a fever seems useful. A fever suggests something unpleasant and to that extent is likely to annoy those who on the whole think revolutions a good thing. But it is quite impossible in studies of this sort to use words that are entirely without overtones of praise or of blame. The historian must accept this as one of his limitations and do his best to overcome it.

He will next seek for symptoms of the coming fever in the history of his societies just before their revolutions. These he will list and compare. He will then study the course of his revolutions and attempt to discern their first stages, their increasing tenseness, their crises and aftermaths. He may find, indeed will find, that his conceptual scheme does not fit all revolutions equally well, does not in some instances fit at all. But true to his first intention not to seek an impossible perfection he will do the best he can. He will not contort facts to fit his scheme but he will not expect facts to arrange themselves without his help.

Finally he will at each stage attempt to draw whatever uniformities he can from the facts as seen according to his conceptual scheme. These he knows can be but first approximations, useful in their very inadequacies since they may arouse the critical spirit in other workers in the field, and since

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they will almost certainly help to suggest phases of the subject concerning which our knowledge of facts is still inadequate. In both ways his first approximations will stimulate other work and lead to second, and better, approximations. He will not attempt to give a quantitative false front to his uniformities, for he will realize that as yet we cannot do much more in the study of men in society than announce vague theorems. Nor will he allow his familiarity with these revolutions to tempt him into the role of prophet of future revolutions.

The results of such a study will be modest enough and will certainly not give our historian a wide audience with the many who demand miracles. The study will not even be a finished piece of work in the sense that the best monographic studies of the older historians, for all their imperfections, were. But if capably done it will serve as a guide to other and more advanced workers, thus fulfilling the role of any genuinely fruitful scientific investigation. Whether it deserves the name of history or whether it is rather a kind of sociology—retrospective sociology perhaps—is simply a matter of words. And scientists, unlike the rest of us, have learned the hard lesson never to dispute about words. With the central element in such a study of revolutions—the attempt to find in the past of men on this earth laws or uniformities and not merely material for drama and story-telling—all but the most traditionally inclined of professional historians would probably today admit a certain sympathy.

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Alarms and Excursions in the Balkans

ALBERT VITON

ALMOST four years ago I had sat with this man—one of the most important trade union and social democratic leaders in Hungary, and member of parliament for many years—in this same coffee-house, Budapest's famous Ostend café, where the corks of hundreds of bottles of sparkling champagne pop every night to the sad tunes of a gypsy string orchestra. Even then, in September 1934, my friend did not take an optimistic view of Europe's immediate future. In the wildest flights of imagination, however, neither he nor I foresaw what we now had to chronicle as fact. And, therefore, after Munich, I asked my friend for details about Nazi interference in Hungary's political life which as a member of numerous important parliamentary committees (to be more specific about him would be murder) he was in a position to give me. Patiently he answered my questions. Then he leaned forward, bent his squat, massive head over the table and delivered himself in a slow meditative voice somewhat as follows (I quote from my diary):

The night does not have enough hours for a review of all the instances of Nazi interference in our internal affairs. We are in danger of becoming a Nazi colony. But more important to my mind than all the specific interference is the fact of the Third Reich's overwhelming presence. It does not have to do anything to make its existence felt. Even if Hitler's emissaries became gentlemen and observed the niceties of diplomatic behavior, no really progressive movement, I am convinced, could exist in the Reich's shadow. In Parliament we are no longer able to press for internal reform; if we demand better laboring conditions or universal suffrage the reactionary forces tell us uncere-

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moniously that Nazism will be imported if we are not careful. We are constantly reminded of the fate that would be ours under a Nazi régime. The Reich hangs over our horizon like a vast, thick cloud, darkening the sun.

Oddly enough—or perhaps not so oddly—I had heard almost identical words in Athens, Belgrade and Bucharest; everywhere I found the same atmosphere of depression. How is one to describe, within the compass of one article, the fear, disillusionment and bewilderment now universal over the Balkans? For no volume of factual statements can give the American reader, breathing in a security no longer known on the Continent, an intimate insight into the mental state of the Balkan peoples. Mental beduism has become universal. Old intellectual, moral, political and economic moorings are being swept away—or have already been annihilated—by the ferocious winds now blowing from the North. All classes have been affected; not a walk of life but has lost its stability and sense of security. International relations have been affected most, of course; but internal affairs have not gone untouched. Personal liberty, freedom of speech and of press, democratic rights and freedom of conscience look more and more like unrealizable dreams. Armaments have replaced social legislation; the good life, with all its cultural connotations, has been pressed into uniform; international rivalries have been sharpened; racial and religious antagonisms have been artificially stimulated; economics bears no resemblance to its old self. The middle class—up to now the most vigorous, after all—and its intellectual exponents grope in darkness.

But for the Reich, the Metaxas dictatorship in Greece would long since have been an unpleasant memory. Again, more important than direct support is the indirect kind which discourages opposition and paralyzes activity by making the struggle so hopelessly futile. "Of what avail is my thin voice against the potential Nazi hordes?" a member of the University of Athens said to me. "Look at Spain." The German Legation is not averse to making its power felt. The Greek press is today

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as good a reflection of official Reich policy as one can wish; but instead of paying monthly subventions to dozens of newspapers, as the German Legation used to do, all it now does is to telephone to the government censor and its will is done. Two of the largest Athenian cinemas nearly went bankrupt because the Reich Minister received instructions to push Nazi films with all his might. Only a silent but effective popular boycott defeated Prince Erbach's efforts. Even now, however, German newsreels are practically the only news films to be seen in Greece. Army officers are sent to the Reich for advanced studies; an armaments factory has been rebuilt and enlarged with German machinery; most of the army equipment imported during the last two or three years came from the Reich; there is even talk of a German military mission!

Vastly greater is the Nazi influence in Hungary, which now faces the Third Reich over a long border. The Hungarian government can no longer appoint a professor without Berlin's interference, and the best possible recommendation for a high administrative post is one from Herr Erdmannsdorf, Hitler's minister. The cabinet crisis at the end of November was in reality a test of strength between the Reich and the local anti-Nazi forces, momentarily strengthened by the brutal selfishness von Ribbentrop displayed toward Count Ciano at the Vienna Conference for delineating Hungary's new frontier with Czechoslovakia. Hungary had set its heart on Carpatho-Russia to which it is indeed entitled; but the Reich, its old ally, has different plans and Ciano was forced to agree to a totally absurd frontier. Bitterly disappointed, Hungarian politicians decided to demonstrate their independence of the Reich openly by throwing out the Imrédy government and appointing in its stead a cabinet headed by Count Teleky and M. Keresztes-Fisher, two feudal grandees who, far from being Nazis, are not even fascists. But the revolt was nipped in the bud. Although the Italian Minister—I know this from a perfectly reliable source—at first adopted an attitude of neutrality, German pressure in Rome forced the Italians to change their position.

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In the end Ermannsdorf and Cinci, German and Italian foreign ministers, delivered a joint démarche to the Regent (Admiral Horthy) and the neutral Imrédy cabinet remained—but without Foreign Minister Kanya, who had earned Berlin's enmity by his consistent refusal to swallow the Vienna decision. Old and suffering from ill-health, Kanya had previously been eager to leave the Foreign Office, although Hungary could not well spare its ablest political mind. At the end of last November, however, he had to be dropped. His successor, Count Csaky, was selected by Erdmannsdorf.

Nor are the Nazis likely to remain contented with the present compromise. Although innocent of liberal leanings, Imrédy, a devout Catholic under the influence of the Vatican, is intensely disliked by Herr Hitler whose candidates for the premiership are Darányi and Homan. Should either of these be pushed into power—a possibility not to be ruled out—it will mean the beginning of the end of Hungary's independence. The end is to be a complete *machtuebernahme* by the various fascist organizations the most important of which is the Arrow Cross, led by Szalasi who is now serving a prison sentence for planning under Nazi direction a putsch which miscarried. Berlin has invested millions of marks in those organizations and has repeatedly demonstrated that nothing but a complete *machtuebernahme* will be satisfactory. When the fascist groups come to power, Szalasi has declared, a customs union with the Reich will be arranged—the Aryan laws will be taken over bodily—the new cultural system will be introduced and Hungary will become an integral part of the Axis.

Hitler cannot yet dismiss a member of the Rumanian cabinet. In point of fact, ministers not in sympathy with Berlin have been brought to power by King Carol. Yet the Nazi influence is real and makes itself felt. Berlin can and does obtain concessions not granted to other powers. No other minority has as much freedom as the German—thanks of course to Berlin's intervention. The Swabians have not only been allowed to form political organizations, which Rumanians may not do, but the

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government has not dared to act against their leaders when confiscated documents conclusively prove their connection with treasonable activity under the Reich's guidance. Berlin has supported with money, brains and perhaps ammunition a fascist organization, the Iron Guard, which is bitterly opposed to the Carlist government. If the wish of Berlin is not yet law in Bucharest that is to be attributed to King Carol's determination to defend the interests of his dynasty. But the Reich neglects no opportunity for parading its supreme nuisance value and its mastery of bad manners. More than once the German Minister has gone out of his way to humiliate the Rumanian government, if only for the pleasure of demonstrating that there is no redress against Reich misconduct. When the Iron Guard, for example, staged an avowedly anti-government demonstration on the occasion of the funeral of two members killed in fighting with Franco, the German and Italian Ministers were seen among the marchers. In vain the Premier told an indignant parliament that the action of the diplomats constituted a flagrant intervention in Rumania's internal affairs. Berlin did not apologize.

Commerce, which lends itself to statistical analysis, best shows the role now played by the Greater Reich in the Balkans. True, certainly, is the oft-heard statement "Trade follows the flag"; equally true is the reverse, that the flag follows trade. The Nazis have acted on the latter principle. By gaining a preponderant control of the foreign trade of a country the Reich is in a position to exert a political pressure not to be withstood easily. Sufficient in the vast majority of cases is the threat of an economic boycott: indeed I know only one instance where this threat did not produce the desired results. Lithuania did not sign its own political death warrant, preferring to bear the consequences of a boycott of its agricultural products; but Lithuania was able to survive because Great Britain hastened to her rescue. The Reich is now in a position to bankrupt any Balkan country it selects for punishment.

Between 40 and 50 per cent of the total foreign trade of the

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Balkan states is now in the hands of the Reich. Greece's imports from Germany have increased from 6 per cent of her total imports in 1922 to 10 per cent in 1930, to 19 per cent in 1935, to about 33 per cent in 1937. It is estimated that last year Germany supplied 40 per cent of Greece's imports. The volume of Germany's imports from Greece, mainly of tobacco and other raw materials, has also skyrocketed. Whereas Germany took 21 per cent of her total exports in 1922 and 23.5 in 1930, by 1935 the percentage had increased to 29 and has gone to a still higher figure since then. The Reich (whose share in Bulgaria's export trade grew from 25 per cent in 1930 to 48 per cent during the first eight months of 1938) supplied 49 per cent of Bulgaria's imports. Interestingly enough, France's share in Bulgaria's and Yugoslavia's export trade fell by about two-thirds between 1930 and 1935. Hungary's imports from and exports to the Reich have also grown tremendously. Exports (consisting mainly of meats, animals for slaughter, fats, wheat and other foods) increased from 11 per cent of Hungary's total exports in 1933 to 24 per cent in 1937 and to an estimated 40 per cent last year. The Reich is also Rumania's best customer for agricultural and petroleum products: in 1937 it took no less than 46 per cent of Rumania's total exports. The story of I. G. Farben in Rumania is typical of the Reich's economic power. Through a process of dumping large quantities of chemicals, Farben had by 1935 accumulated a balance of 600 million blocked lei which it used for organizing a subsidiary, Saya S. A. R., to sponsor the cultivation of soya beans. The subsidiary entered into personal contact with 200,000 farmers in the provinces of Bessarabia and Bukhovina to advance them seed and money and to take the whole crop, all of which went to Germany. Was it mere coincidence that the anti-Carlist terrorism had its center in these provinces and that the Iron Guard, which received much of its German money through I. G. Farben, found its largest following in Bessarabia and Bukhovina?

Any realistic analysis of the international scene must take the socio-economic background into consideration. Nazi propa-

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ganda is real, plentiful, and has no doubt a profound influence; there is, however, no need to attribute to it demonic qualities and to exaggerate its effects. This is not the place for a detailed socio-economic analysis, yet it is probably more dangerous to generalize about the Balkans than about any other part of Europe. Politics in the Balkans—it cannot be over-emphasized—is still intensely personal; tags mean very little; organized parties as known in the West hardly exist. Only labor parties, wherever they have not been outlawed, are properly organized units with programs of objective action. Otherwise much of what goes under the term "politics" is nothing more than personal squabbling among cliques of leaders. In Greece, for instance, the Royalists were no more in favor of restoring the monarchy than were the Venizelists; their main program was one of personal opposition to Venizelos. Broadly, three socio-economic factors have facilitated the Nazi advance.

In the first place, Nazism plays a curious double role in the agrarian struggle in Hungary and Poland[1] (probably the two most feudal countries in Europe). In the former, 41.4 per cent of the agricultural population is entirely landless, while about 30 per cent are known as "dwarfowners," i.e. people who live on holdings of less than 7½ acres. On the other hand 2,666 estates of more than 750 acres stretched, in 1935, over an area of 8,414,000 acres out of a total of somewhat less than 14 million. But even these figures do not indicate the extent of feudal holdings accurately. Suffice it to say that 1/3 of one per cent of the landholders own almost 20 per cent of the cultivated area. No less serious is the situation in Poland. Peasants there live in hovels not fit for pigs; about one-third of the rural population is illiterate; unemployment is tremendous. No serious attempt has been made by the government to raise the economic and cultural level of the villages, which are wholly medieval. Reform of land ownership has been carried through at a snail's

[1] Although Poland is not properly a Balkan state its inclusion in this study is necessitated by the fact that it forms an integral part of the Reich's push to the East.

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pace. In 1921 estates of less than 50 acres accounted for 97 per cent of all the farms (65 per cent were of less than 12½ acres) but the remaining 3 per cent accounted for 53 per cent of Poland's total area (65 per cent of the landowners held only 15 per cent of the land). Since that time about 15 per cent of the feudal holdings have been broken up; no more.

In these two countries a war between the agricultural classes goes on all the time. (Rumania had a far-reaching agricultural revolution after the World War.) As early as the 90's of the last century agricultural workers in Hungary staged widespread strikes; but in 1898, in reply to a successful strike in 1897, a law known as the "Slavery Act" was enacted "to secure the undisturbed execution of agricultural labor"—by legalizing a reign of terror which, however, could not prevent further trouble from breaking out repeatedly.

The Nazis have known how to exploit this discontent. They have put forward an agrarian program based on a very radical land redistribution; and although the police terror[2] has prevented the reformist parties from working in the villages, the feudal landlords have not placed any obstacles in the way of the Nazis, who have consequently found in the peasantry their strongest supporters. Of course the landlords do not feel menaced by the Nazi activities. They know perfectly well that Hitler, far from executing his explicit promise to divide the large Prussian estates, has enacted laws to perpetuate ownership. Similarly in Poland (where the peasantry has staged strikes during the past few years to keep food away from the cities) the landlords have supported the fascist NARA which has an ostensibly revolutionary program. (To prevent peasant strikes in the future a law making them an offense against the state was enacted last November.) It should be remembered that the average consumption of a Polish peasant during a year does not exceed $40—and this covers the rent for his miserable hovel, the food

[2] This is not a recent development. Since the 1890's all political activities in the villages have been made impossible by the arrest of leaders, expulsion of dissatisfied elements and strict censorship.

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he grows and the clothing he makes for himself. His cash expenditure does not exceed a tenth of that sum.

In the second place, Germany and Italy have taught Balkan employers—who already pay wages not much above the starvation level—fascism's effectiveness in depressing labor's standard of living. Labor conflicts used to be fierce in all Balkan countries and they still are wherever they have been outlawed. Hungarian trade union leaders have told me that the most highly skilled laborers earn between $8 and $10 a week; coal miners, textile workers and so forth rarely earn more than $20 a month. According to the latest (official) *Economic Year Book* real wages in industry—agricultural wages are much lower—have declined from 100 in 1913 to 93.4 in 1937. Gal, one of Hungary's most reliable economists, thinks the decline has been to 74.9. Housing conditions are abominable: five adults in one room is common; ten to a room is not rare. Rumania does not confront serious labor troubles because wages are comparatively high. Poland, on the other hand, has a strong labor movement which the government is trying hard to suppress. Wages there are low: a study made in 1933 revealed the average weekly income of wage-earners as less than $4.50. But 23 per cent of all Polish workers received less than $2 a week and 30 per cent between $2 and $3.50. Strikes, which are both frequent and violent, increased in number from 769 in 1928 to 2,074 in 1937. The most commonly employed technique—the "sitdown"—is called "the Polish Strike." Polish employers are naturally eager to put an end to all this.

In the third place, Nazi infiltration has been facilitated by the presence in some of the countries of gangs of public office holders who consider internal totalitarianism—strengthened by close relations with the Third Reich—a splendid instrument for perpetuating their rule. Whatever else one may say about the Marxian analysis of society, I am convinced that Marx seriously underestimated the importance of government em-

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ployees as a distinct social class with interests of its own. Probably Marx's oversight was due to the comparative unimportance of this class in the 19th century. The number of government job-holders, however, has grown immensely since the World War, until today they constitute a class whose importance in shaping social policies it would be dangerous to overlook. In the Balkans this class, vitally interested in maintaining its income and determined to perpetuate its power, weighs the scales heavily in favor of fascism. In Hungary, where more than 50 per cent of the total budget goes to salaries and pensions, it is by far the strongest social class. Metaxas, to strengthen his position, is now building up a similar class in Greece; and the Polish government pays the wages of about a third of all salaried employees. (Out of a total of 1,217,000 wage earners the government pays the salaries of 412,000—and this figure excludes the employees of numerous para-statal establishments.) It is this class, led by a small clique of Tammany-like politicians who came to power with Pilsudski, that governs Poland and misgoverns it for its own interests. The love Colonel Beck developed for Herr Hitler as early as 1934 is to be traced directly to the determination of Poland's governing clique to strengthen its position, then being endangered by the liberal influences emanating from the alliance with France.

Though all these circumstances have facilitated the Reich's expansion, without the operation of an entirely foreign factor the process would not have gone nearly so far as it has. Planted in the center of the Continent, with a highly organized population and a stupendous military machine, the Reich has naturally exerted a powerful pull on the surrounding small states. On the other hand it has also exerted a push which has been no less real. For one thing, Nazi brutality, selfishness and scrupulous regard for wounding the *amour propre* of others—degenerating all too frequently to sadism writ large—have been profoundly resented everywhere. For another thing, the masses have generally been opposed to close connections with

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the Reich; and even financiers and industrialists have realized, after many bitter experiences, that the sweet pill has more than a grain of poison inside.

Not only have close connections not been an unmixed blessing politically, as Hungary has discovered. Economically they have proved to be even more of a liability. The Reich has been an extremely hard bargainer and has invariably used its position to extract the maximum of benefits for itself. It has shifted its foreign currency problems onto the Balkan states; it has meddled in their fiscal policies in order to shape them to its own benefit; it has charged, for industrial goods, prices much above those prevailing on the world market. In Hungary a speaker at a meeting of an association of large landowners which I attended pointed out that that group was being compelled to pay 30 per cent more for German fertilizers than it would have to pay for French. Of late the Reich has initiated a policy aimed at degrading the Balkans to a colonial level. It tries to undermine local industries by underselling them in their home markets—a habit which is evoking louder and louder complaints. Another German practise, the source of much concern to Balkan governments, is that of buying goods for blocked marks only to resell the same goods on world markets for strong currency. Through this kind of operation the Reich not only prevents the producing states from obtaining strong currency—of which they are all badly in need—but it undermines world prices. It has bought up, for example, Greek tobacco and then resold part of it for ruinous prices in London; it has done the same with Rumanian petroleum and with Hungarian wheat. These and similar practises have everywhere evoked a tremendous amount of ill-feeling.

The foreign factor in this drama has been, obviously, Great Britain—than which Hitler has not had a more valuable ally. I do not say the powers-that-be in England rationally calculated their interests and, after coming to the conclusion that the spread of fascism would serve their interests best in the long run, decided to encourage Hitler to concentrate on Eastern Europe.

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I have had opportunities to observe the British at close range and I am inclined to be sceptical of such explanations (although, it should be added, many sound students in the Balkans and elsewhere most vigorously reject any explanation which posits less conscious motives). But it seems to me that the British, even more than other people, are more conscious of their dislikes than of their positive likes and that, confronted with Germany's growing needs, they reacted by taking the road easiest at the moment—which meant giving the Nazi régime chances for survival. Certainly the British government has not been anxious to bring about the fall of Nazism. No less certain is it that British diplomats badly misjudged the nature and aims of the Third Reich, that they persistently underestimated its strength, and that intense astigmatism made them see confusion where there was plan and method. Foreign Office documents are conveniently hidden from the gaze of the exoteric. But when the archives are opened, I have reason to believe, the world will be presented with a spectacle of governmental confusion, wishful thinking and thoughtlessness that will be nothing less than amazing.

Be the explanation of British motives whatever you will, but for direct British assistance at first and benevolent toleration afterwards, Eastern Europe would today present a totally different spectacle. Until 1935 British prestige and power in the Balkans was so everwhelming that a wink would have been sufficient to throw history on other rails. As the traditional champion of the rights of small nationalities Great Britain spoke with a moral authority attained by no other Great Power; as the land of liberty and good causes it held the love and admiration of the great masses as no other country did; as the greatest economic power all looked to it for assistance. Since the middle of the last century the sinews of Balkan finance had been in London. Rumania's great post-War minister of foreign affairs, Nicolae Titulescu (who together with Dr. Beneš shaped the policies of the Balkans), typified the esteem, sometimes amounting to idolatry, in which Britain was held.

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Britain could have checked the Nazi advance at any time had it wanted to do so, and in this it would have had the support of the vast majority of the Balkan peoples. The British navy had long held the role of defender of Greece: a "friendly" call to one of the innumerable Greek ports—a call for which, to my personal knowledge, thousands and tens of thousands of Greeks prayed—would have been a sufficient hint for Metaxas. Rumania has begged for diplomatic and economic support against Nazi pressure: her foreign ministers have visited London repeatedly and King Carol has made the trip at least twice during the past three years. Both Yugoslavia and Bulgaria have knocked on the doors of Paris and London: even as recently as four months ago Bulgaria struggled against closer connection with the Reich. Sofia was not at all happy when the coming of a German economic mission was announced towards the end of last year—indeed steps were taken to persuade the Germans not to come. But the mission came; it cajoled and threatened; and it left with a very far-reaching economic agreement.

Instead the British turned a deaf ear to all appeals for support against Nazi pressure. Writing from Athens some months ago I said:

> What is the British attitude to the régime which works hand in glove with the Germans? The question can be answered without qualifications so far as the British Legation here is concerned: it is perfectly satisfied with the régime and does not feel menaced by the growing power of the Nazis. The British Minister has the ear of the King, who spent the years of exile in London where he still keeps his money; the latter has been Metaxas' chief support.

In Bucharest, of a certainty, the British brought about the fall of the Goga-Cusa government in February 1938—not, however, because that Cabinet promised to annex Rumania to the Berlin-Rome axis.

Moreover, newspapers close to the Chamberlain government have gone out of their way to suggest to Germany that the Balkans form an ideal field for expansion—an expansion which His Majesty's Government would in no wise resist. The *Great*

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Britain and the East, generally considered the unofficial organ of the Colonial Office, has harped on this topic time and again and has been ably seconded by *The Times*, the traditional organ of the Foreign Office and of Downing Street. A collection of *Times* leaders would throw an interesting light on the ways of British diplomacy. Even as late as February 1938, in an editorial on Austria, *The Times* informed Berlin that

> It is the predominant British view that any aim which Germany may legitimately set herself beyond her Eastern borders can be accomplished by peaceful means. "Expansion"—meaning extension of German influence—is guaranteed by the economic preponderance of Germany as a great and highly organized area of industrial production and a great market exerting a natural attraction upon complementary communities. *It can be no part of British policy to resist expansion in that sense or the relations that will develop along with it.* (Italics mine.)

One month later, on March 14, after the Nazi legions had entered Vienna the same journal came out with a leader, entitled "A March and the Moral," which said in part:

> In the immediate matter of Austria, they (the British Government) will not depart from the view which has been common to most thoughtful Englishmen, that she was destined to find herself sooner or later in close association with the German Reich. There would have been no British protest if this process of attraction had developed naturally through growing confidence and mutual good will. What is so deeply resented here . . . is that it was thought necessary . . . to reverse the whole process by applying to it the physical strength of a bully, and in doing so to arrest other hopeful movements towards a stable world.

"Bully" or no bully, the Germans took the hint and decided not to "arrest other hopeful movements" in the future by "applying . . . physical strength." Czechoslovakia was therefore obtained "through growing confidence and mutual good will" and the same course is being followed with "other hopeful movements" in the Balkans.

All now depends on Great Britain. Her policy during the coming twelve months will determine the future of the Balkan states—whether or not, that is, they will become German col-

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onies. Those states are increasingly eager to preserve their political and economic independence but they are powerless and know it. They cannot oppose so ruthless and omnipotent a machine as the Reich has come to be—a machine which shuns no methods, however immoral, for accomplishing its ends. Signs are not lacking, moreover, that point to increasing German pressure in the near future. Given their internal social conditions, if the Balkan states are left unsupported they will become as much German colonies as India is Britain's.

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Radio Steps Up Sound

J. O. PERRINE

DEBATING societies in colleges during the "gay nineties" and "naughty noughts" invariably included "The pen is mightier than the sword" in their suggested topics for debates for freshmen. The negative side would likely present in rebuttal "Actions speak louder than words." In practise declamation some budding Demosthenes on a winter Saturday morning was sure to say, "Music hath power to soothe the savage breast." All of these time-worn epigrams have to do, not with the eyes, which have been prettily called "the windows of the soul," but rather with the ears. Generally speaking our environment in days gone by was largely visual but during these last two decades we have been forced to live in a new environment, an acoustic environment. From radio loud speakers and public address systems in home, store, theater and school, words and music are like hailstones pelted at us with results that many times are neither mighty or soothing.

Scholars of great distinction—Aristotle, Pythagoras and Galileo—blazed trails in scientific thought and experimentation relating to acoustics. They and Saveur, Helmholtz, Rayleigh, Barton, Miller, Sabine, Knudsen, Wegel, Fletcher, Frederick, Wente, Steinberg and many others of recent years have been zealous in research on those two basic features of sound and music, horse-power and frequency of vibration.

The quantitative and qualitative understanding of these two corner-stones of words and music, not from the point of view of oratorical and histrionic and tonal appreciation but from that of horse-power and vibration-array, was achieved through application of a new approach, a new technique, a new instrumentality—electricity.

So long as words and music were studied in their form as

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sound, in the form of waves and vibrations in the air, not much exact progress was made in a clear and complete understanding of their power content. But the classical and scientific worlds abound in examples of understanding growing out of what appeared to be an irrelevant route. In this case the seemingly irrelevant route was an electrical sally. Even though electricity as such may ever continue to baffle intimate understanding, this evanescent, fleeting, imponderable, intangible, invisible something—this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—can be controlled, tamed, measured, manoeuvered better than water, earth, wind, heat, light, sound and human beings. When electricity became an ally of sound, progress in acoustics began to make the seven-league-boot strides referred to. Electrical ears (generally called transmitters and still better called microphones) and electrical mouths (generally called receivers or loud speakers) became much better instruments of research than human ears and human mouths. However, to use the superlatives of a circus barker, the thermionic vacuum tube proved to be a monumental, colossal, stupendous electrical factor. The study of electricity not in wires, not in solids, not in liquids, but in a glass bulb from which the air had been strenuously pumped, created an instrumentality that would release sound from its shackles of very low power. The study of electricity as electricity in a vacuum; an understanding of electrons, those elemental bits of electricity as they performed unhampered by association with ponderable and sluggish atoms and molecules; this study and this understanding gave a surprising dividend—a thermionic vacuum tube. It looked a bit like an electrical incandescent lamp but its purpose was not to emit light. Its versatility as an amplifier, a rectifier, a detector, a modulator, a generator made it an Aladdin's lamp come true. This vacuum tube, this telephone-line amplifier tube, this radio-broadcasting transmitter tube, this radio-receiving tube, together with microphones and loud speakers and other electrical instruments with such horrendous names as galvanometers, thermocouples, microammeters, ionization manometers, wattmeters and storage batteries used to study sound—

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not kept in the form of sound detectable by the human ear but translated into electrical form. The vacuum tube's great contribution was the injection of larger amounts of power into feeble sounds. The weak electrical counterpart of words and music was thereby amplified into a realm of more readily measurable dimensions.

The horse-power of words is amazingly small. The average power of words is one one-thousandth of one-millionth of a horse-power. As power this ought perhaps to be measured not in horse-power but in gnat-power. But to analogize—if the heat power radiated from an ordinary Christmas candle could be properly distributed in minute amounts to speakers, in amounts proportionate to the "power" of their words, 100,000 people could be kept continuously talking as long as the candle burned. Word power is almost the nadir of nothingness. When people whisper, the power of their voices is about one one-hundredth of normal, when they talk loudly the power is 100 times greater and when they shout their words yet another 100 times more powerful. The tones of musical instruments vary widely in their horse-power. The pianissimo of a violin may be one one-thousandth of a whisper; the fortissimo of an orchestra may be 10,000,000 times more powerful than the violin. The consonant sound "th" as in "thin" is one one-thousandth as phonetically powerful as the vowel "a" in the college cheer "Rah." These quantitative values were obtained, not by determining the power of the sounds with human ears or other acoustical apparatus but by ascertaining the power of the electrical facsimiles of the sounds.

Incandescent electric lamps in the home are rated in watts. A 10-watt lamp is generally regarded as one giving a small amount of light—perhaps that of a small Christmas-tree bulb. A 75-watt lamp gives a goodly amount of light and of course a sizeable amount of heat. Kilowatt hydroelectric systems are still within the realm of reasonable poser. The sound power of a large symphony orchestra playing a great fortissimo, however, is 75 watts.

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This 75 watts of sound waves continuously radiated from the orchestral platform is a rather small amount of radiant power compared with that embodied in the heat waves received from the source of all power, the sun. In coal beds within the earth the power of the sun's radiation of yesteryear is stored. Heat waves have been streaming down for ages. "Bing" Crosby croons about raindrops as being pennies from Heaven. The Biblical story tells of manna falling upon the earth to feed the multitude but fails to comment upon the fact that the heat waves from the sun are equivalent to so much coal falling upon the earth for man's benefit. For centuries and centuries the sun has been figuratively dropping about one-half pound of good hard coal per hour on each square yard of the earth. Incredible as it may seem, this means that during the summer months the sun's heat waves beating down on an average-sized building lot are equivalent to at least 500 tons of coal.

The human ear, which acts as the receiving system conveying words, ideas, sentiments and musical tones to our brains for interpretation, is a very low-power system. The small amount of power in the normal speaking voice is after all many, many times more intense than is necessary for reception by the human ear. If the power embodied in the words of ordinary conversation could be parceled out in tiny bits just intense enough for a human ear to register, 100,000,000,000 could be made to hear. An ordinary postage stamp is not a very ponderous object. If one had the time and inclination to cut a stamp into 50,000 bits and these bits could be dropped on the ear drum from about an inch above at the rate of 1000 pieces a second, the ear would hear this lilliputian machine gun rat-a-tat-tat.

By the route of comparison with another field one may get a hook on which to hang appreciation in the realm of the very minute amounts of power involved in acoustical, telephone and radio systems. On a cold starry night a person without gloves would not probably elect to hold the palms of his hands toward the North Star for warmth. The amount of heat absorbed by the hands from the radiation of the North Star would be un-

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detectable. Yet in many instances this power is comparable to the electric wave power picked up by the radio antenna of a home radio receiver. (A statement of the contrast between this speck of power and that borne by the sun's heat waves would call for a number rivaling those used by astronomers.) In the process of radio receiver operation—with its thermionic vacuum amplifier tubes, accessory electrical apparatus and local power supply—words and music are enlarged many times to fine audibility from the loud speaker.

The structure of the other corner-stone of words and music, frequency array, has in like manner been revealed by electricity. All words and music involve vibrations of air particles (or of vocal chords or the mechanical parts of musical instruments) varying from 16 vibrations per second to 12,000 or more. The vibrations are acoustical atoms. That words and music were not single vibrations but rather an array, a composite and complex potpourri of vibrations, was understood for many years. It was likewise appreciated that words and music were teeming with harmonies upon harmonies, overtones upon overtones. To find the frequency structure, the elemental vibrations, the overtones and harmonics, electricity again offered its versatile techniques. When sound vibrations could be studied as electrical vibrations, much progress was made.

In the realm of vision much has been learned about light waves as light waves. Nature very obligingly provided a simple mechanism, namely a piece of natural crystal, a prism, to transmit light waves with varying degree to break up the sunlight into a beautiful spectrum. Light frequencies sensed by the human eye extend over but one octave. Violet light frequency is double that of red light. Figuratively speaking, violet is middle C, red light is C′ one octave below. All beauty of color and shades results from but a single octave of light waves. Glass and quartz are transparent to all the colors in the octave. To filter out some colors and leave but a single frequency, nature again graciously provided crystal gems as things of beauty. The ruby is red because it transmits only the red, the emerald is green

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because it transmits only the green and the sapphire is deep blue because it transmits only deep blue. Each crystal absorbs all colors other than its own. By means of these and other easily obtained light filters light can be studied as light. Light spectra are valuable tools for studying light.

The human ear, on the other hand, is sensitive to eight or nine octaves of sound frequency. It is unfortunate and disconcerting that nature has not been so gracious as to provide sound filters for the separation and isolation of sound frequencies. The frequency components, and their relative intensity, in the complex tone of an oboe, a French horn or a human voice extend over several octaves and are determined with great difficulty if these sounds remain sounds. By rather clumsy hollow spheres known as resonators Helmholtz and others did with great difficulty resolve individual sound frequencies out of a complex tone. The results, however, depended upon subjective qualities in the observers and were not eminently satisfying and convincing. Filters for sound waves as sound waves, similar to glass filters for light waves or sieves for pebbles of different size, just aren't.

Here again enter the contributions of electrical science. By means of the microphone we change sound waves to electric waves and by electrical filters we study the frequencies of harmonics and overtones in the electric current, counterpart of the sound wave. The electrical spectra thus obtained must be the sound spectra of the original sound. Of course one must make sure that the microphone, the filter, the amplifier and the loud speaker are like a parrot. They must be uniform in their response to varying frequency and must introduce no spurious frequencies of their own. This method of electrical analysis reveals the complex structure of words and music. Wave filters for electric current are most versatile. They can be made to transmit electric waves of a narrow range of frequency and absorb all other waves, just as a ruby absorbs and transmits light waves. But unlike a ruby they can be built to transmit a range of frequency—one octave, two octaves or several octaves. Fur-

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thermore, these frequencies and these bands of one or more octaves of frequencies may be low or high in the whole gamut of electric vibrations. Electric wave filters are not simple but are, in fact, quite complicated arrays of electrical things called inductances and capacitances. Unlike rubies and sapphires they are heavy and bulky rather than beautiful; their yards of insulated copper wires, their magnetic cores and their many square feet of thin metal and paper interleaved and built into a small compact bundle are all prosaic and unimposing.

Strangely enough the quartz crystal is now used to make electric wave filters also. The talent employed, however, is not the transmission of light but an electro-mechanical property. The Greeks have a name for this talent—"piezo-electric." There is no more lovely flower of the human intellect than the electric wave filter. It was not found in a Tibetan cave or under a mountain of sand. A scholarly appreciation and use of mathematics, electrical phenomena and measurement were basic to the imagining, designing and fashioning of electric wave filters.

Today, because of electric wave filters, many valuable and interesting facts are known about sound frequencies and sound spectra. Human voices, both speaking and singing, and the musical tones of many instruments are discussed, in terms of their sound spectra, with surprising nonchalance by electro-acoustic engineers.

The power of words and music is, to repeat, amazingly small. Their vibration structure is astonishingly intricate and complex. Out of the welter of pure and applied science came many fascinating discoveries that bear fruit every day in the crisp, clear and articulate description of a football classic coming by telephone line and radio from an orchestral hall in a distant city.

Words have little power, yet even of this littleness a large proportion of the power is in the vowel sounds. A small proportion carries the consonants. But these consonant sounds are the articulate quips and quirks that give intelligibility to speech. Even though these consonant sounds are relatively low in power they make exacting demands upon frequency of vibrations.

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With the higher vibrations, 2000, 3000, 4000 up to 7000, deleted from speech by electric wave filters, the niceties of consonant sound differences are also deleted from the words coming from the loud speaker. Vowel sounds are less exacting in their demands for frequency of vibration, an array of 100 to 600 or so vibrations per second being sufficient. Yet vowel sounds alone cannot create words that are understandable. They give naturalness, recognition to voices—but to what avail if one recognizes a voice but cannot understand what the voice is saying? The terms "timbre" or "tone color" best describe the characteristic lost when the lower-pitch vibrations are eliminated from speech.

As with speech, the tone color or timbre of musical tones also appears to be associated with the fundamental and the first few overtones of the note produced. Timbre is probably more important in music than in speech as it is one of the things that distinguishes the tones of various instruments. In general, the fundamental and the first three or four overtones are necessary in order to distinguish the tones of various instruments. When overtones higher than these are eliminated the tones lose a characteristic best described by the terms "brilliance" or "definition"; they seem to lose life and become dull. The prominence of these characteristics varies with the type of instrument, the composition of the music, and the personality of the musician.

The alliance between sound and electricity has resulted in a fine understanding of sound per se. The numerical results briefly given herein are not useless, meticulous details. They are most necessary and important in acoustical and electrical engineering. The alliance as an alliance has given us a new environment of sound in the home, in the theater, and in the school. In this alliance wire telephony, radio telephony, radio broadcasting and sound pictures present many technical problems yet to be solved. As to the alliance between advancing science and art, as to the ever-widening circle of lives to be touched and motivated by music, drama and speech—these are problems of concern to the scholar and the artist more than to the electrical technician and the physical scientist.

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From a China Journal (1936–1937)

A. L. BADER

China today is obviously not the China I saw before July 1937. And no matter who wins the war it is doubtful that China will ever exist again. But while the machine guns crackle and the bombs fall on the yellow clay of the Yangtze valley it may not be entirely irrelevant to recall that earlier China—a civilization in twilight; living by the senses, not the mind; by the heart, not the head—in which the West had already begun to make noticeable inroads.

THE TROUBLE WITH CHINA IS . . .

The Englishman on the boat was right—I have run true to form. "Your first two weeks in China," he said, "you will know exactly what's wrong with the people, customs, government, religion and everything else. After that the more you see the less sure you will be. And after a year you'll stop trying to judge and will accept the Chinese for what they are—one of the world's wisest and most contented people."

One month in Nanking has made me see the truth of his remarks. At first the contrast between East and West is overwhelming. The poverty, the ignorance on all sides, reinforce an American's belief and pride in his Americanism and send him searching for ways to change ancient China into modern America. The Chinese themselves are not immune to this feeling. Several educated Chinese, long resident in America, have told me of their initial shock at first getting back to China. It takes time to get used to having a ricksha-man take the place of an automobile, to hear his heavy panting on an upgrade instead of the smooth purring of six cylinders. It takes time to get used to the sight of poverty-stricken Chinese women paying out coppers for the privilege of burning a few sticks of incense before a grotesque wooden figure in a street temple. The stranger's romantic version of China—the China

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of Marco Polo, Emperors, palaces, eunuchs, concubines and Confucius —collapses under the impact of the real China. And at first the real China seems to be a land where beggars furtively expose sores to gain coppers, where everyone throws anything into the street, where "doctors" stick needles into the arms and legs of patients to cure them of rheumatism, where men sell supposed tiger bones in the streets as a remedy against masculine impotence. Or to shift the line of emphasis somewhat, a China where every man is out to "do" every other in a bargain since there is no such thing as a fixed price, where the gulf between the rich man and the poor man is as wide as the ocean, where no one gives a straight answer but speaks with polite evasion and where compromise weakens the moral fiber of character so that anything half achieved is regarded as completely accomplished.

But now after four weeks I am not so sure that this is the real China or that these are the important things or that the West has so much to offer the East. It seems to me that it is simply a question of East is East and West is West—and that the trouble comes when the twain meet. The older Chinese civilization represents a philosophy of living and a way of life based on intelligible and defensible values. They are not always the values of the West, granted, but the question remains: Who is the happier, all things considered—the man of the East or the man of the West? I am not sure.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE

Every language contains peculiarly expressive terms but there is a simplicity and directness to the Chinese which is a constant source of astonishment to me. The word for "head" is *nao-tze*, literally "brain sack." A beggar is a *yao-fan-ti-jen*, a "want-food-man." Milk is *niu-lai*, "cow-come." Best of all are the phrases coined to take care of Western innovations. The telephone is *ta-tien-hua*, "big electric talk." Running water is referred to as *tzu lai shui*, "self-come water."

DESIGN FOR LIVING

Chinese household terminology, which is not to be found in the books intended for foreigners in China, is hard to come at but extremely interesting. A Chinese father introduces his son to his friend as his "little dog." This is politeness. A son is also a "one thousand *li* horse," that is "a fast running horse," if he pleases his parent by his

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worldly success. The phrase implies not only ability on the part of the horse (son) but also upon the part of the rider (the father who has trained him). But if the son is unfilial he is an "eagle," for the eagle is said by Chinese to prey upon its aged parents.

A wife is an "inside person" because she stays at home and a husband introduces his wife as such to his friends. The husband is an "outside person." But an ideal husband is also a "three-inside person." He spends his time inside his office or place of business during the day, inside his home after office hours and inside the bedroom at night. Tea houses, gambling and sing song girls have no attractions for a "three-inside person."

Another terminology, interesting but of an older period, has almost passed out of usage. When the Chinese commonly took concubines in addition to wives the wife was known as the "middle room" because she was legally entitled to live in the middle of the house. The concubine was known as the "side room" because she occupied a room in a wing of the house.

And when a man does not know whether to marry or not, his state of indecision is described as "fifteen buckets in a well—seven up and eight down."

CHINESE SHOP NAMES

A walk about the business district of Nanking with my friend Mr. Chao, he translating Chinese shop signs for my benefit. Here are some of them: *The Red Peony Floral Shop, Beautiful Mountain Shoe Shop, Bright Spring Lake Food Company* and *Heavenly Cloud Silk Store.* My friend asked about names of shops in America and I gave him a few. He seemed to think that *The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company* came the closest to the Chinese manner. I attempted an explanation of *Coney Island Red Hots*—but we reached an impasse and proceeded to weightier matters.

WALLS

China is a country of walls. In a land where millions swarm there is always the necessity of keeping others out. So the cities have enormous old walls to keep out the bandits, and within the cities the public buildings have walls around them to keep out the beggars and the curious, and the rich man has a wall around his house to keep out the

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poor man, and the poor man has a bamboo fence to keep out the still poorer man. But, and here is a very curious point, there is a limit to this exclusiveness. The really poor man—the man of rags, an empty rice bowl and an eternal smile—can always build his lean-to made of a few straw mats against the rich man's wall and there conduct with perfect impunity the petty importances of his daily life. For if the rich man has him ejected public opinion will be against him, he will lose face. And besides, the poor mat-dweller is now a semi-retainer and one is great in China in direct proportion to the number of dependents one carries through life.

POOR FOLKS' FUNERAL

Death takes no holiday in China, and if you can't afford a big funeral and you can't borrow the money to have one you have a small grim funeral such as I saw this morning on the way to the university. Six coolies passed down the street bearing the usual wooden coffin, unpainted, slung on ropes which were fastened to the bearer poles. Behind the coffin came a ricksha containing a woman and child. Each had a white bag, like a sugar or flour sack, on her head. The woman's covered her entire face while the child had raised the edge of hers so that she could see out. The woman's wailing could be heard from the sidewalk as they passed. Behind the first ricksha came two others, each containing a woman of more than middle age, relatives I imagine, who rode stolidly along without weeping. Behind the third and last ricksha walked two coolies, one carrying a spade, the other a pick. Grim business. No priests, no procession of bearers, no chairs, banners, decorations of any kind. Just a coffin and two men to put it in the ground.

CIRCLE AND SQUARE

A Chinese life is a circle; an American life is a square. Our lives are angular, with mitred corners, ingeniously fitted with cogs and wheels and axles. They are capable of being bolted together with other lives into patterns, of being speeded up. But a Chinese life is like an apple, rounded, no two alike. It will not fit into neat patterns with its fellows; it has no ingenious machinery within by which it can be speeded up.

Take the average Chinese over forty. He has lived long enough to have whatever sharp corners he had at birth rubbed off. He has sons

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who support him and look to him as the head of the family. He is wise with the practical wisdom of the apple that knows it will fall one day from the bough but does not worry about it. He walks the streets leisurely, visits the tea houses—choosing one on the shady side of the street in summer and one on the sunny side in winter—and takes a consuming interest in birds and grandchildren. There he goes, an apple on the waters of life, floating, bobbing comfortably with every wave, drifting with the current. *Watch him!*

ON TRANSLATION

My friend Mr. Wei has been translating a book written by a professor of international law at a large American university and is having, as he expressed it, "much difficulties." The sentence that is giving him the most trouble is this one: "Individuals are grouped whose attitudes predispose them to collision and who have a capacity to readjust their attitudes in the light of impending collision with preventive effect." Mr. Wei asked me "Is that good English writing?"

HOLLYWOOD STUFF

The Chinese government exerts a censorship over the movies and it is not always an intelligent one. Since the eradication of "superstition" is one of the avowed aims of the government, any representation of spirits or ghosts is frowned upon, even in comedy. Last night we saw *The Ghost Goes West*—with the ghost entirely removed from the plot. Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* has been banned in Nanking because there are fairies in it.

FINANCE

The economic basis of China undoubtedly rests upon a foundation of copper. The Chinese copper is a little larger than an American quarter and of about the same weight but it has an enormous range of buying power. Three coppers equal one Chinese cent, three cents equal one American penny. For a copper you can buy a cigarette—not a very good one—a single cigarette handed out gravely by a hole-in-the-wall capitalist who buys cigarettes by the package and sells them singly to coolies and ricksha-men. For three coppers you can buy an ear-picker, a slen-

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der stick of bamboo tufted at one end with a ball of rabbit fur. Ear-pickers are of course very important. The bamboo end performs the spade work in the human ear; the rabbit fur polishes and refines the job in addition to imparting a delicious tickling sensation.

From your point of view the copper is the right coin to give to a beggar—from his point of view, naturally, it is the wrong one. When the juggler at a street fair finishes his trick a copper is the right coin to pitch upon his small rag of a carpet which serves as his place of business. A few coppers will satisfy a noisy ricksha-man who has forgotten that he bargained for a set price and has received it. And for two coppers you can get a ride of about half a mile on the bus or street car.

There is only one drawback to the use of coppers—they weigh too much. Pocket linings have to be renewed constantly and a full quota of coppers cuts down your cruising radius.

BROTHER CHAO

This morning Gao brought me a letter. It was a letter that had seen considerable usage, a single typewritten page worn to a velvety smoothness and cracking at the folds. I made a copy of it.

To All True Believers in Christ:

Please to help this gentleman, Brother Chao Chia Lun, if your soul tell you. He is trying go to Nanking with his son. He is a member of the Church of the True Jesus. He attends church at regular time, prays as may be necessary, and there is no vices in him. Help him in Christ's name.

Yours truly,
Wong Lo-Kan
Shepherd of the Church of the
True Jesus, Hongkong.

The note was dated September 5, 1936 and we are now enjoying the rains of February. Then I noticed that at the bottom of the letter someone had written in pencil: "Now he beg go Peiping."

"What does he look like, Gao?" I asked.

"Old man" replied Gao. "What he want?"

"Money."

"*Ai-yah!*"

That meant that there would be another tremendous row with the gateman who was not supposed to let beggars and peddlers into the compound.

So I went out to the kitchen to see Brother Chao. One look at him

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and I understood how he had got past the gateman. If ever there was a man who looked as if he didn't need charity it was Brother Chao. He was old-style China, a small man with a long grey gown, black felt slippers, a black skull cap topped with a black button, and a long but sparse beard that found its headwaters in two spots at the side of his chin. He was clean and neat. His most noticeable features were his eyes, childlike, trusting. He sat comfortably on the kitchen stool next to the stove and when I entered rose, bowing low from the waist, his hands tucked into his sleeves. The very gentleness of his manner had its effect—I bowed in return. Gao glowered at him.

"Ask him why it took him so long to get to Nanking."

Gao asked at great length and Brother Chao replied at great length.

"He say this fashion. Long time come ver' slow Nanking. Now he here wantchee money go Peiping. Ev' day he get only little money, buy rice. So have stay Nanking long time."

But why did he want to go to Peiping?

Gao asked.

"He say this fashion. He young man, go Peiping. He like Peiping ver' much. He like see again. Then he die."

Evidently in China it is "See Peiping and die"—every bit as good as "See Naples and die."

Meanwhile Brother Chao was struggling with something hidden within his gown. Whatever it was it seemed to put up terrific resistance. At last he brought it out, another sheet of paper almost as worn as his original letter. At the top was the word *Contributions*. Beneath was a list of about 25 names each followed by an amount in dollars.

They represented a fair number of the foreign community of Nanking—business men, teachers, missionaries and embassy people. The latter had been particularly generous. I saw that my friend Miss Cruikshank of the American Embassy had given five dollars. The soft eyes of Brother Chao would have appealed to her.

They did not mean quite so much to me so I gave him a dollar. He bowed again but without a hint of servility. In fact he took the money as his right, placed it deliberately inside a modern billfold and then walked towards the door.

There he took up his umbrella and waited. It was a contest in endurance, in bluff. Gao stood motionless at first but the old man waited at the door. About the time that Gao began to move his feet uneasily Brother Chao turned towards him and fixed his gentle eyes reproachfully upon him. He won. Gao walked forward and opened the door for him. I watched him go through the gate and cross the compound in the rainy mist, a slight grey figure topped with a red umbrella.

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It occurred to me that Brother Chao looked like one of the Eight Immortals, Chang Kuo for preference, whom it pleased to ride his donkey backwards, while he held in his left hand the Peach of Immortality.

But Gao is a practical man who thinks more of a good dish of noodles than of the Eight Immortals.

"Ver' bad man" he announced cheerfully. "What Master like dinner?"

AH FU

Ah Fu's father owns a roast duck emporium on our alley. Every day on my way to and from the university I ride by, smelling the savory odors of the roasting ducks, judging with a nice eye—and nose—the contrasting merits of the red, highly varnished variety as opposed to those of the more familiar yellow-brown. Which is better? It is a matter of taste according to my friend Mr. Lu. Privately, however, he has informed me that both are good—and he should know, for he is a forty-cup man at feasts and a great trencher-man.

But it is about Ah Fu that I am writing. Ah Fu was five, the elder of two sons. There was little to distinguish him from the countless other children of the alley save a rounder, redder-cheeked face, a happier smile and a silver collar with a small silver padlock. The profit on many varnished ducks had gone into them and no other child in our alley had a collar and padlock. Otherwise Ah Fu was like all the other children. He wore black felt slippers, padded trousers with a gaping "open view" rear, and a long padded coat that made him look like a sausage.

Ah Fu was very proud of his silver collar and padlock. He was very sure, and so was his father, that as long as he wore it he would be safe from evil spirits—the horrible *feng shui* who hover unseen in the air, ready at every opportunity to seize a handsome child like Ah Fu. And so every day he sat in front of the roast duck shop, smiling at the peddlers, the ricksha-man and the coolies. Or he chased his father's calico cat with shrill cries of *Me-au* while his younger brother looked on in admiration and the "inside person," his mother, beamed from under her black velvet head band. The old men up and down the alley said "A fine boy. He will do well in the world" and the father answered according to Chinese custom "The little dog will come to a bad end." But inside he smiled and thought of having a fine son like Ah Fu to perform the ancestral rites after he was dead, to burn the prayer money

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on his grave and pour out the good yellow rice wine and place the dishes of rice balls and meat buns as an offering.

Well, and those must have been pleasant thoughts and no one could blame the father of Ah Fu for guarding the key to Ah Fu's padlock with great care. And so as I passed twice daily in the ricksha Ah Fu smiled and I smiled and his father smiled and there was general good feeling. Once I gave Ah Fu a few coppers which he returned but another time I gave him a wax figure of a Chinese actor on a stick and he kept that.

But yesterday I saw a man in a ricksha stop at the roast duck shop. He held a small coffin on his knees. The shop was open and business went on as usual. Only Ah Fu was not sitting outside.

This morning Ah Fu's younger brother was wearing the silver collar and padlock. When I saw him he was pursuing the calico cat with loud cries of *Me-au.*

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Ching Jen-Jui, a scholar born during the last years of the Ming Dynasty, protested the decisions of a Manchu magistrate and was sentenced to death. His last words were written in prison and sent to his son: "Decapitation is most painful and deplorable and now I have been sentenced to face it. Do not forget, my son, that peanuts and dried bean curd make a good combination. It has the taste of the best ham."

ON DRAGONS

It is high time that something be said about dragons. Dragons live six months out of the year on the floor of the sea where they inhabit beautiful palaces. In the spring they leave the sea and ascend to the clouds; in the fall they descend again. When they leave or enter the water they cause typhoons and hurricanes. The blood of some dragons is red, of others black. Their saliva is purple in color and is considered the most fragrant of all perfumes. It is used in the manufacture of incense. "Dragon's Saliva Incense" was formerly sent as tribute to the Emperor by one of the Western provinces.

A strange fire plays about the body of the dragon, different from ordinary fire in that it blazes brightly in contact with water. Dragons change their bones every year as the snake changes its skin. According to a book of the Yuan Dynasty "The whiskers of the dragon are three

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feet long and purple in color. If dragon whiskers are mounted on a crystal handle like a horsehair whip and are placed in a room at night, flies and mosquitoes will not enter." Three things of which dragons are exceedingly fond are bamboo trees, arsenic and the flesh of swallows. The bamboo is pleasing to the eye of the dragon. He loves to lie in a bamboo grove, to look up into the branches and hear the wind rustle the leaves. And arsenic is a staple in the dragon's diet. It causes him to put on weight. But swallow's flesh is his favorite food. Dragons are punished for minor offenses, according to the will of heaven, by having their ears cut off. When they die they turn into crabs.

So much for my researches into the subject of dragons.

CONFUCIUS' TOMB

After the night spent in the little Chinese hotel at Tze Yangshien where no word of English is spoken, after the long five-mile jaunt in rickshas with sun shades through the hot fertile Shantung countryside, after the ceremonious visit to the ancestral temples at Chufu and the further ricksha ride to the Kung family burial ground, the actual tomb of Confucius is at first a disappointment—but only at first. A stone platform, a stone marker about six feet high, two intricately carved "wings" flanking the marker, and in front a bronze incense burner—all in the middle of a forest of ancient cedar trees and graves. And here rests all that remains of the wisest man among a nation noted for wisdom.

Once Confucius came upon a woman weeping bitterly beside a newly made grave. "My husband's father was killed here by a tiger" said the woman. "My husband was also killed. And now my son has died the same way."

The Master said "Why do you not leave the place?"

"There is no oppressive government here" replied the woman.

The Master turned to his pupils and said "Remember this, my children: oppressive government is more terrible than tigers."

MORNING IN SOUTH CHINA

January, winter vacation. We are spending a few days in the home of a missionary in a small Chinese city in the interior of Fukien. This morning I was awakened early by the sound of singing. Downstairs in the old-fashioned Victorian parlor the organ was being played and

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our host, his wife and a visiting missionary doctor and his wife were greeting the sun with a morning hymn.

I pushed the mosquito curtains aside and went to the window. In the garden behind the house were calla lilies, poinsettias and a vegetable garden. Orange trees scattered about the lawn reflected the light from their waxy green leaves and the palms rose sharply against the sky. The house is situated on a hill and below lay the city, a group of geometrical grey roof squares encircled by twenty-foot grey walls. The bright January sun of South China streaked and tinted the roof tiles and performed miracles with occasional patches of green trees rising out of mud-walled courtyards. The river glistened and on the hills opposite two pagodas rose from the green land. Here if anywhere a man might drift imperceptibly through life, telling time in terms of the seasons and his palate, reading Cobbett and Borrow and Montaigne until he had got them by heart.

JOURNEY'S END

There is a small foreign cemetery on the island at Foochow, a beautiful, walled-in enclosure of tall palms, bright camellias, green grass and grey head stones. The midwinter sun filters through the palm fronds overhead, warm, diffused, throwing a green haze over stone and bush. Here are the graves of those whom Pearl Buck calls the "Giants," the old-time missionaries who carried God within them. They were mostly from America—from Minnesota, Connecticut, California, New York, Kansas—the headstones read like the roll call of the states.

Rev. Ezra Perler
Sailed from N. Y. Nov. 2, 1852
Arrived at Foochow, June 9, 1853
Fifty-two years a missionary of the
American Board at Foochow
Born in Vermont 1825 Died in Foochow 1905

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
Still by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly his soul shall rest."

Here too are the graves of the children of the Reverend John and Mrs. Groton. All three died within a space of two days and were buried in

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a common grave. On the headstone: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. As I have loved you, love one another."

All is quiet, orderly, well cared for. The years have touched the old headstones lightly. From over the wall at the back come a few notes of the Chinese guitar. Someone is singing. From several walls beyond come the shouts of the soccer players at the Anglo-American College. Streams of humanity cross and recross the magnificent old Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages, the river moves sluggishly, the sun is warm. And here lie the giants.

CHINESE CEMETERY

A short distance away, over the wall from the Anglo-American College, lies an old Chinese cemetery. There are no trees and the small stones are crumbling and fallen. Two weather-roughened stone horses stand near the top of a hill, guarding a pair of stone sheep fallen—how long ago?—from their base and lying half-buried on their sides. Here too all is quiet and peaceful. A water buffalo munches the grass between the graves and snuffs the warm pleasant air. Down the hill an old woman in a blue gown is spreading parsnips to dry on top of the grave stones. The living and the dead are very close in China.

MANCHU PRINCESS

She is the sister of Princess Der Ling and like her was a member of the Dowager Empress' court in its last days. A small placard in the Wagon-Lits Hotel in Peiping advertises her dress shop.

The shop is on a typical narrow, dusty *hutung*. A sleepy-looking servant answers the gate bell and deliberates whether to let you in or not. Then you cross an open stone court to a semi-Chinese style house where a man of immense manners but no English shows you the cheaper dresses. If you do not buy and seem to be looking for something better the Princess enters.

The Princess has a most interesting face—long, thin, with a skin of remarkable whiteness and delicacy, like soft white parchment. She has thin plucked eyebrows, deep crimson nails and uses lipstick of a brilliant scarlet. She wears a flowered silk Chinese dress, no stockings, and her feet with their crimson polished nails are thrust into sandals. Though the Manchus introduced the custom of footbinding into China her own

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feet are unbound and she has a slow graceful walk. She appears to be thirty although she must be at least fifty.

"My father was the Chinese Ambassador to France during the Dowager Empress' reign" she said, without overture, "and my sister and I were brought up in a French convent. Of course I learned to speak French like a native." Her English was perfect. "I am a dancer, you know. I was a pupil of Isadora Duncan's. My father and an American gentleman gave Isadora her start in Paris—you are Americans, aren't you? I have always liked Americans—Isadora was unknown then. Later I appeared on the stage with her. My father objected. He wanted us to study the classics but I preferred music."

She was showing us the more expensive embroidered dresses from a series of racks like those in a modern department store, emphasizing the beauty of the embroidered design.

"My sister's books! Ah, yes, all the Americans want to know what I think about my sister's books. I think they are not entirely true. And they tell too many state secrets. Sometimes too much success is not good for one. But I have not seen my sister for many years."

Of a dress having a very low neck instead of the conventional high stiff Chinese collar she remarked, "I design my own dresses. This is very unconventional but *I* set the styles. My own eunuchs do the embroidering. This dress," and she held up one every square inch of which was covered with ornate embroidery, "was worn by the Dowager herself. One day when I had pleased her she told me to take it along. So I did!"

In her living room she pointed out a colored photograph of the court on the Empress' barge on Pei Hai. Indicating a vague figure standing near the Empress she said, "See, this is I. And these paintings in the room, these too she gave me." One was a superb old piece of a Chinese girl playing a lute. "I play the lute too. Formerly I studied Western music. Now I study Chinese—the guitar, the lute and the flute. Last winter I gave a concert here in Peiping but no one appreciated it because no one understands that type of music any more. Isn't it a shame?"

The princess has steam heat, electric lights, but no rugs on the floor. Some Western type overstuffed furniture, a few Western knickknacks in doubtful taste and a grand piano complete her living room.

She accompanied us to the door and was very gracious about our praise of her stone courtyard with its tubs of hydrangeas and its gnarled apple trees. "Yes, the trees are pleasant. They're—what do you call the small apple in English? Crab apple? Yes, crab apple. I have tried year after year to keep the trees in good condition but they don't do well

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for some reason. But they are lovely when they're in bloom. In the spring, yes, in the spring when they are in bloom."

And so we walked over the old stones of the courtyard, under the crab apple trees, and out the gate held open by the sleepy-looking servant to our rickshas and rode away disconsolately. "Troy's down, tall Troy's down!" and the Trojan princesses have gone into Trade.

OLD AND NEW CHINA

The Shanghai Express stops at Soochow and a *lao-jen*, an old man, gets on. He is obviously well-to-do and is used to attention. The train is crowded and he has to take a seat opposite two modern young Chinese from Nanking. He wears a blue silk padded gown, which he removes at once, and Chinese felt slippers. As soon as he has seen to the settling of a basket of fruit, some rice wine and a bundle of clothes he cocks his feet up on the seat beside him and removes first his slippers and then the two outer pants legs, each of which is drawn on separately over his white cotton trousers. I have never seen these articles of Chinese apparel before; they are like old-fashioned sleeve guards, furnished with tapes for tying around the thigh. Carefully and methodically, and sitting in his stocking feet, he folds them up. He wears a long grey-brown jade bracelet about his right wrist, his head is shaven, he smokes a long cigar—a good example of the old style Chinese gentleman who has gone just a trifle modern (smoking a cigar, travelling on trains).

But across the compartment table sit the two *me-teng-ti-jen*, the modern men, disapproval written all over their faces. They are thinking: If China were not filled with old duffers like this, we might get somewhere.

And the old gentleman is undoubtedly thinking: Look at those two half-men sitting there. If the younger generation were not made of people like that, with their aping of Western manners, life might be peaceful again as it was under the Empress.

THE NEW YEAR

We are, it appears, entering upon the Year of the Ox. The Year of the Ox will be a fortunate one, Chinese fortune tellers opine, and children born during this year will also be fortunate. Of course there are minor differences: An Ox Year child born in the winter will lead a very comfortable life because the ox stays inside during the winter, keeps

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warm and eats hay and beans. An Ox Year child born during the sowing season will have to work harder because the ox must drag the plow at this season. Also it is better for an Ox Year child to be born in the evening than during the day—the Ox does not work during the night.

According to the Chinese reckoning there are twelve zodiacal years, each represented by an animal or reptile: Rat, Ox, Tiger, Rabbit, Dragon, Snake, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Chicken, Dog and Pig. Rat Year babies born in the evening will have to work at night, for evening is the rat's busy time.

I find, upon consulting my friends, that I was born in the Year of the Tiger—a good year to be born in: I shall undoubtedly become a magistrate with a long white beard. Men who are born in the Year of the Tiger should never marry women born in the Year of the Sheep. Sheep are the favorite food of the tiger and in such a union the woman dies during the first year of the marriage. I find to my great relief that M. was born in the Year of the Horse.

CALL FOR MR. MALTHUS

February and the Chinese New Year. We spent considerable time at the New Year's Fair at Fu Tze Miao, the amusement district surrounding the old Confucian Temple in the South City. Among quantities of knickknacks to be bought at the fair the lanterns are the most attractive. They are made of bamboo and paper and are obtainable in various styles—geometrical forms, animal shapes such as the rabbit and fish, and modern designs such as the airplane. After much looking we decided on an unusual lantern showing a Chinese baby seated atop a watermelon which was represented as being partly cut open, showing the red center and black seeds.

Foreigners do not usually buy lanterns and we thought at first that that explained the amusement on the part of salesmen and bystanders. But on the packed bus going home, as M. held the lantern in her lap, we were greeted with covert grins and open smiles. When Gao let us into the house we saw again a broad smile followed by a curious rigidity of countenance as the smile was suppressed. Decidedly there was something wrong with our purchase.

M. placed the lantern on the mantelpiece. The next day the Chinese teacher looked, smiled and then denied that there was anything to smile at. After the teacher had gone we cornered Gao and finally learned the awful truth.

"Chinese lady want baby, buy this kind, Missy," Gao said.

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So that was it. But there was still something more, as we could tell by looking at Gao's face.

"Chinese people say, have one seed, one baby. Have many seeds, have many babies."

"You mean one baby for every seed, Gao?"

"Yes, Missy."

We counted. There were fifty-two seeds.

HAO CH'IH

"Well" said our friend, Mr. Chu, brightly as he greeted us in Shanghai, "you have had a good year in China—all the experiences, including a war." And last night, our last night in China, he took us once more on a round of the bright lights. There were the usual open-air cafés, the taxi-dance halls, the night clubs with the White Russian hostesses and the Argentine and American floor shows. And yet it was hardly a gay evening. We described the packed refugee train that left Peiping, the people sitting on top of and underneath the dining car tables, the tea, the bananas and the varnished ducks purchased along the way, and the stout Chinese gentleman in our compartment who lay on his back in his berth all day with his bare feet braced against the bottom of the berth above him.

Our friend told jokes on the Japanese but the old gusto was missing.

"Do you think there will be a war, T.Z.?"

"War? There is always war in China. There has always been war."

"Yes, but a real war this time."

"Who knows?"

"If it does come to a real war do you think the Chinese will compromise?"

"Not this time. We Chinese are a forgiving people but there are limits in all things. And don't listen to the Chinese who talk about 'absorbing our conquerors.' We did that with the Mongols and the Manchus but that was before the days of airplanes and machine guns. This time we've got to fight."

He looked very serious for a moment. Then he smiled and pointed to the chicken sandwich he was eating.

"Meanwhile let's stop eating this Western food and go over to the Sun restaurant for a dish of shrimp and peas."

"And a mandarin fish with sweet-sour sauce."

"Good! *Hao ch'ih!*"

So we did that.

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German Labor in Zenith and Eclipse

HEINZ GURADZE

WHEN Hitler was appointed Chancellor on January 30, 1933 he formed a cabinet with only two National Socialists in its ranks. All the other members were Conservatives. But it was soon clear that the expansive power of Nazism could not be checked. After the dissolution of all political parties, beginning with those of the Left, all walks of life became permeated by members of the Nazi party. There remained, however, one stronghold which seemed unassailable—the extended and complicated set-up of trade unions. After the political weapons of the working population had been destroyed the unions seemed its last but impregnable fortress. Though some change in the system of trade unionism, that would make for a certain degree of unification, was discussed, nobody could imagine a complete breakdown or surrender. Any power, however, contains within itself the germs of disintegration; the richer its institutions the weaker its fighting mood; the more centralized its organization the more easily can that organization be taken over. It is necessary, if we would understand labor's fall, to survey its previous position and achievements.

When the German Empire collapsed in November 1918 organized labor averted a complete breakdown of the entire nation. Labor's political leaders formed the new government, the "council of the people's commissars," whose head, Friedrich Ebert, a right-wing Socialist and an old fighter trained in the school of trade unions and the Socialist party, was a comparatively conservative man. He later became Reich President. But apart from their establishment of a government, the labor

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unions brought order out of general bewilderment and prevented chaos in the face of the confusion created by the demobilization of the army and the revolution at home. This was accomplished, moreover, not by force but by agreement. On November 15, a week after the outbreak of the revolution, 22 employers' associations and seven federations of trade unions drew up the famous accord which actually laid down the framework of labor relations for the future Republic. As the first of the ten points of the accord, labor unions won recognition as the legitimate representatives of the working class. Freedom of coalition was guaranteed and support of the so-called yellow unions[1] was renounced by employers. The regular working day was limited to eight hours; provision was made for a joint administration of the employment service; collective bargaining, creation of work councils in enterprises of at least 50 employees[2] and establishment of mediation committees by collective contracts were agreed upon. Finally, a joint industrial association was installed to carry out this accord. The greatest controversy arose over the question of the eight-hour day. It was Walther Rathenau, then a prominent industrialist, who finally prevailed upon his colleagues to give in to this vital demand of the unions.[3] The basic points of the November agreement—collective bargaining, work councils and arbitration—were given a legal status by the Christmas decree of December 23, 1918.[4]

The German trade unions were split into three main groups (not counting the yellow unions, whose role was in agriculture). By far the most important was that of the free unions. United

[1] Unions which were supported by employers or their associations.

[2] Later changed to 20. The work council was a committee of employees, representing both union and non-union workers, with whom the employer was expected to discuss personnel, conditions of work, etc., in the establishment.

[3] The 48-hour working week has been abrogated in the armament industry. It is reported that Dr. Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front, has demanded its complete abolition. He claims that the eight-hour day was forced upon Germany at Versailles by the United States.

[4] Its second and third chapters were later replaced by the law concerning work councils and the arbitration order. The first chapter, dealing in six short sections with collective agreements, was retained up to 1933.

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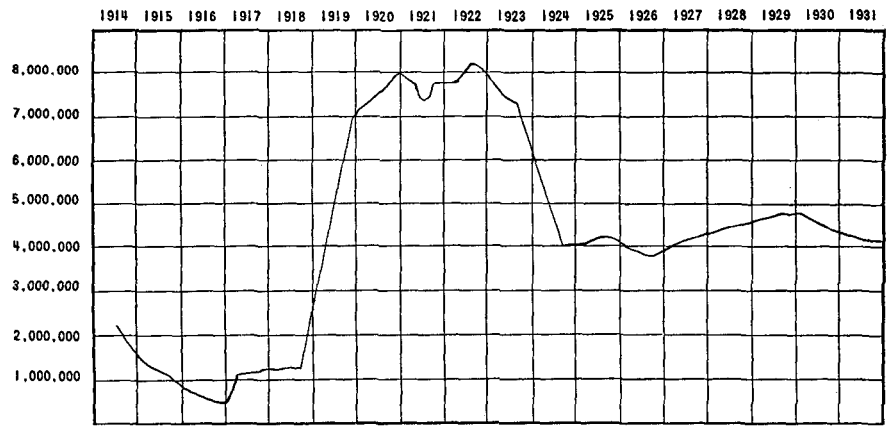
from 1890 on in the *Generalkommission*, they were more strongly organized after the revolution in a central federation called *Allgemeiner Deutscher Gewerkschaftsbund*, made up of about 40 nation-wide workers' unions. This federation, which at the beginning of the War consisted of 2,300,000 members, had but 1,450,000 at its close. Immediately after the revolution membership increased tremendously and reached its climax in 1922 with more than 8,000,000. The greatest increase took place in the period covered by the winter of 1918 through the summer of 1919. During the last year of the inflation, 1923, membership dropped rapidly to 4,000,000. Throughout the depression it remained at this level, but in the years of recovery that followed, up to 1930, it increased steadily. It suffered from unemployment, however, during the last three years of the Republic. At the close of 1931, the last year for which figures are available, the membership was 4,100,000 (see Table 1). The second main group was that of the Christian trade unions. Their greatest membership, 1,100,000, was reached in 1920. During 1930-1931 the membership, which had risen during 1925-1929 in an almost steady curve (see Table 2, upper curve) from 600,000 to 800,000, fell to 698,000. A third group, the

TABLE 1



Change in membership of the free trade unions 1914-1931

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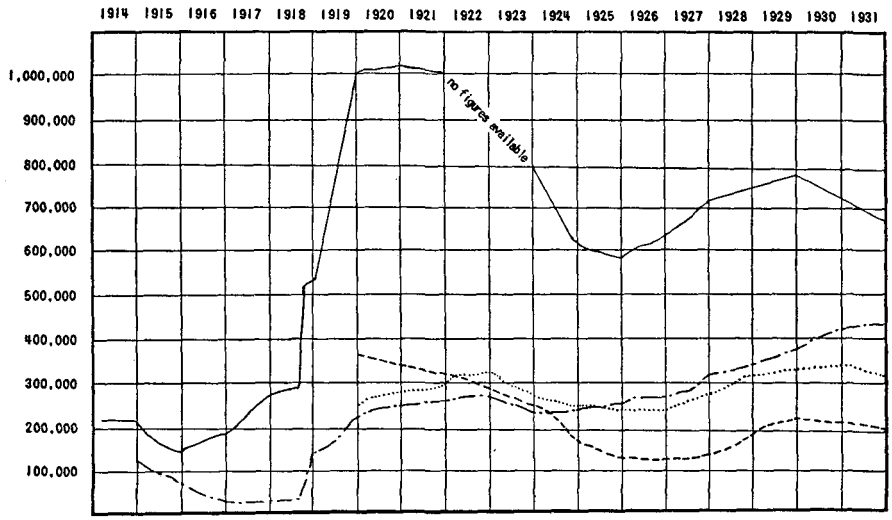
Hirsch-Duncker unions, named after their founders, was numerically unimportant. Its membership fluctuated between 150,000 and 225,000.

These three groups, which embraced workers only, differed from each other in their political support. The free unions were affiliated with the Social Democrats; the small Hirsch-Duncker group with the Democrats, progressive bourgeois;

TABLE 2



Change in membership of the Christian workers' unions and of the three leading unions of salaried employees

——Christian workers' unions
– – –*Zentralverband der Angestellten*
.....*Gewerkschaftsbund der Angestellten*, belonging to the liberals
–.–.–*Deutschnationaler Handlungsgehilfenverband*, belonging to the Christian group

and the Christian trade unions, though theoretically neutral in their religious attitude, were the stronghold of the Catholic workers, who belonged to the Center party. The affiliation did not imply subordination to respective political parties. On the contrary, policies laid down by party members in parliament or government were often influenced or even dictated by unions. The free trade unions in particular stressed their independence

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of the Socialist party and, in distinction to the Communists, emphasized labor's detachment from general politics. But naturally the personal connection was close. When Social Democrats joined the government in 1928 they appointed an old trade unionist as minister of labor. The same policy was pursued by the Catholics under the Reich Chancellorship of Brüning, who had himself served the Christian unions for about ten years as the first secretary of their central federation. Several Chancellors of the Reich came out of the ranks of the free unions. Though there was a distinction in principle between the three main groups of trade unionists, since only the free unions preached Marxism and the class struggle, this difference disappeared completely in practical politics. In contradistinction to the "peaceful" yellow and company unions they each recognized strikes as a necessary weapon of the working class for improving labor conditions. In collective bargaining, moreover, the Christian unions of salaried employees in particular were at least as stubborn adversaries as the free trade unions.

Among the white-collar unions there was the same set-up but the relative strengths were quite different. At the end of 1928 there were 450,000 salaried employees organized in unions belonging to the Socialist group (AFA *Bund*), 400,000 members in the Christian group (Gedag) and 250,000 in the liberal group. Altogether these 1,100,000 formed not quite one-third of the 3,500,000 salaried employees counted in the census of 1925. Table 2 shows the fluctuations in membership in the leading union of each of these groups. Whereas the workers' unions lost their members with the increasing unemployment of the years 1930 and 1931 (Table 1, and Table 2, upper curve) the membership of the unions of salaried employees remained almost stable. The Christian group (DHV), which had been anti-Semitic even before the War, actually showed an increase since during this period it became the reservoir for the Nazis. In distinction to the Christian workers' unions it had no ideology in common with the Catholic Church and the Center party. Instead it drew the majority of its mem-

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bers from the ranks of the right-wing parties. It was the first union which (in 1933) separated itself from its central federation, hoping thus—although without success—to preserve its existence. During the period of the Republic, however, its class-conscious fight for better salaries could not in the least be distinguished from that of other trade unions.

Labor's power was revealed by two episodes in the life of the Republic. In March 1920 the state was shaken by the so-called *Kapputsch*, a coup d'état undertaken by troops of discontented soldiers under the leadership of Kapp, a reactionary bureaucrat, and General Lüttwitz. These troops marched to Berlin and occupied all governmental buildings. Kapp published an announcement that the old government had resigned and that he had taken office. As a matter of fact the government had not resigned but had fled to the old democratic city of Stuttgart in southern Germany where it was secure, leaving only one of its members, vice-president Eugen Schiffer, in Berlin for negotiations with the insurgents. The trade unions, standing behind the government, declared a general strike. The effect was astounding. Work ceased in every part of the Reich. All communication, all power and water supply, were interrupted. Since the personnel of the government bureaus also refused to work, the Kapp "Government" resigned after five days. A week after its overthrow the Republican government returned to Berlin. Labor had rescued the young Republic by translating the old socialist slogan, "All wheels will stand still if your strong arm so will," into action. The aftermath, however, was felt for quite a time since it proved easier to unleash than to stop a general strike, and it took several weeks for railroad traffic to become regular again. The leader in this general strike, a man who commanded the powerful forces of labor both peacefully and efficiently, was Carl Legien who had been head of the federation of the free unions since 1890. When he died at the end of the year, nine months after his greatest success, he left but a few books and some old furniture.

Two years after its general strike labor was summoned, not

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to fight but to demonstrate against the hidden enemies of the German Republic. In 1922 Walther Rathenau, then Foreign Minister of the Reich, was shot down by some young Nazi forerunners while he was in his car on the way to his office. On the day of his burial workers in every part of the country marched in mass parades, silently but impressively manifesting their determination to stand firm against reactionary and barbaric forces. Rathenau had not been their man. On the contrary he had come from the ranks of employers; but it was not forgotten that his help in bringing about the eight-hour working day had been decisive, and his sacrificial activities as Foreign Minister in the early years of the young Republic were highly appreciated. His assassination was felt as a blow by all liberal and progressive groups. By mourning him as a victim who had died for the Republic, labor gave evidence that anti-Semitism was unknown among German workers.

But the trade unions did not exhaust themselves in mere demonstrations. Their immediate objective was one of raising the standard of living of the working people. In increasing wages they were most successful, sometimes perhaps more so than was healthy for business in the long run. Table 3 pictures the rising wage curve from 1924 to 1930[5] when the depression began. But it must also be pointed out that Brüning's policy of decreasing wages, inaugurated in 1930, met with the understanding of labor leaders. Not only did the Socialist party tolerate his cabinet, which they could easily have overthrown had they withheld a ratification of its emergency decrees. Even more: under the pressure of general economic conditions and in an effort to save business and a democratic form of government in Germany, union leaders voluntarily consented to lower wages by collective agreements. During the unpleasant period of shrinking trade, industry and public budgets, it was comforting to realize the unionists' sense of responsibility. They

[5] Because of the post-War inflation, wage figures for the period 1919-1923 cannot be used. In the fall of 1923 one dollar was equal to 4.20 trillion marks. The mark was then stabilized at the level of one dollar to 4.20 goldmark.

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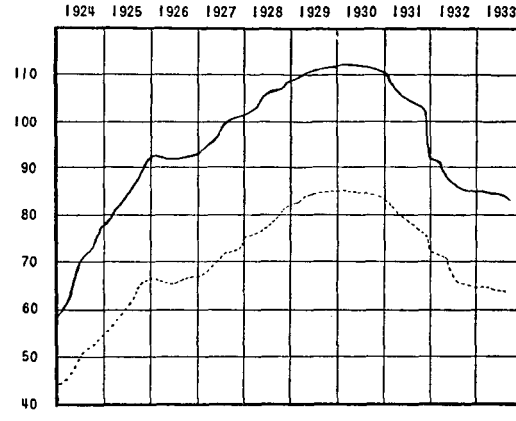
truly sacrificed the interests of their own class to the common weal.[6]

The German system of collective bargaining greatly enlarged the area of wage-earners reached by collective contracts.

TABLE 3



Hourly wages in pfennig, according to collective agreements (average of 17 industries throughout the Reich)

—— Male skilled works
. . . . Male unskilled workers

If the provisions of a particular contract were held to be of "dominant importance" the ministry of labor could order their extension to all enterprises within the same industry or to all enterprises either throughout the Reich or within a specified region. Up to 1929 such an extension was decreed in many cases. Thus a great number of "outsiders" (that is, wage-earners or employers who were not members of unions or of employers' associations) were affected. Owing to the principle of "non-deviation"—whereby employers or employees were forbidden to alter the provisions of collective agreements to provisions less advantageous to employees—these "outsiders" were subject to working provisions over the establishment of

[6] When, however, they felt later on that the system of collective bargaining, mediation and unemployment insurance was threatened in principle by the Papen Cabinet, unions of all three groups resisted strongly.

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which they had had no control. It is obvious that this institution strengthened trade unions. Entrepreneurs, too, were satisfied, at least in times of boom, because the system of "extension" prevented their "outsiders" from setting up unfair competition through wage cuts. Whereas, owing to the centralization of unions, the number of collective contracts decreased after 1920, the number of workers and salaried employees affected increased, or decreased in a smaller proportion.

Collective bargaining was usually successful without resort to strikes and after the stabilization of the currency in 1923 they became more and more infrequent.[7] A thoroughly detailed system of arbitration, which tried to encourage self-responsibility in the bargaining parties, was built up both by state authorities and collective agreements. If an agreement was not reached through peaceful negotiation an award was made. This award, if not accepted voluntarily, could be declared binding by a state authority and had thereafter the same effectiveness as a collective agreement. The principle of "non-deviation" was also applied to such an agreement. Even the "compulsory contract" could be extended to outsiders. It is evident that this system of arbitration attempted to prevent industrial warfare by combining mediation and compulsory arbitration with the self-government of unions and employers' associations.

The reader will raise the question of the usefulness of collective contracts for "outsiders," who were unaided by any union in securing their rights under a contract. According to the law, provisions of collective agreements which dealt with the rights or duties of individuals[8] became integral parts of employer-employee relationships and were legally enforceable. Under the law, therefore, the individual worker could sue an employer who did not fulfill his duty. If the collective agreement had been "extended" its provisions covered "outside" em-

[7] In 1926 the free unions spent 6 million marks for assistance in strikes and 62 million marks for social purposes (old-age, sickness, unemployment assistance, etc.).

[8] Those provisions which were the sole concern of the contracting parties (unions and employers' associations)—for instance, provisions concerning duration of the contract, establishment of joint mediation boards, etc., which did not concern themselves with working conditions—were not enforceable and could not be extended.

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ployers and employees. Special labor courts consisting of a judge and two laymen (the latter proposed by the unions and the employers' associations) were set up to deal with labor disputes. Thus did labor demonstrate its willingness to take responsibility in the courts. It also appointed its representatives, as did employers, on the boards and courtlike committees of the social insurance system—health, old-age and accident insurance—where it participated in administration and in decisions in doubtful cases. After the new system of social security had been set up in 1927 labor was more widely represented in the executive committees of local, state and federal authorities for employment service and unemployment compensation. The unions were also represented on the Reich Economic Council and on the boards of socialized industries—the Reich Coal Council and the Reich Potash Council. Finally, the trade unions actually controlled the work councils by nominating the candidates for election. Council members, with few exceptions, were union members. The work councils, under the law, were entitled to share (to a limited extent) with the management in the direction of business affairs; but in practice they were unsuccessful in benefiting from this right. They themselves were unequipped to deal with business matters; and the employers, on their side, did not encourage them in the exercise of their legal right. They attained, however, considerable influence over the management of personnel. Not only the influence, but even more the experience which unionists gained by participation in these activities, was important. Unionism became the bulwark of the whole system of social security and the means for building up an industrial democracy.

For this purpose it needed well-trained representatives. Long before the War unions were eager to train their functionaries. First they arranged courses in labor relations, social security, principles of economics and the history and organization of labor. Later, under the Republic, they established special schools in which these subjects were taught. Even before 1900 local unions maintained libraries for their members. When the

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people's high schools (devoted to adult education) were founded throughout the Reich after the revolution, mostly on the initiative of municipalities, trade unions participated in management and membership. Schools for work council members, providing special instruction in what was needed in their every-day work, were added. In the long run the workers found this special training more useful than the general education offered in the people's high schools.

Labor was given a share, moreover, in the cultural life of the nation. The unions participated, for example, in the people's theater organization. On a nation-wide basis and for low prices this organization arranged theater performances and concerts, just as the National Socialist institution "Strength through Joy" does today. By a system of renting the existing municipally-run theaters on fixed evenings, the best opera, drama and orchestral music were made available to labor.

During the course of the post-War years the unions built up their own economic institutions for providing food and shelter to their members as well as insurance additional to social security. Even before the War there had been consumers' leagues. Immediately after the War was over the unions of salaried employees founded a housing corporation, the "Gagfah," which built low-cost houses all over the Reich. In 1924 the free trade unions of workers and salaried employees formed their own housing corporations, with branches throughout the country, and in 1926 the liberal unions followed suit. Housing projects were carried out independently and with the cooperation of municipalities, and were financed both by loans furnished by the institutions for old-age insurance and by the workers' bank (which was owned by the federations of the free trade unions and in 1928 had a capital of 4 million marks and deposits amounting to 100 million marks). Finally the unions organized an insurance company to write small life insurance policies adapted to the means and needs of the working class. In pursuance of its social ends labor had adjusted its institutions to capitalism.

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Partly because of this very adaptation the trade unions lost the battle against National Socialism. Many causes were contributory. It has been said that labor failed to gain the middle classes. But this problem of middle-class support had not been overlooked in responsible labor circles. On the contrary it had been dealt with repeatedly. So far as the unions were concerned the so-called old middle class (farmers, small shop-owners and independent craftsmen) which fell outside their jurisdiction was not their concern. The salaried employees was the only middle-class group which the unions could reach. And this was the decisive group indeed. In 1929, at the peak of the business cycle, its families constituted 21 per cent of the population; that of the workers 45 per cent. Both groups taken together formed the overwhelming majority of the people. But were they united? The whole working population—laborers, white-collar workers and state and municipal officials—numbered 21 million according to the census of 1925. Of these 16,172,000 were workers and 3,500,000 were salaried employees. Of the workers about 6 million were organized in 1929—5 million by the free trade unions and one million by the other two groups. Of the salaried employees, however, 1.1 million were organized, but only a little more than a third of them by the Socialist unions. This group was rooted in the Marxian ideology that in the struggle between capital and labor there is no room for a third group, and that the middle class is doomed to death if it does not join forces with the proletariat. Because of their ideology these unions completely failed to win over the great ranks of white-collar workers. The salaried employees, unwilling to be absorbed by the proletariat, joined the Nazis by leaps and bounds.[9] Again a "*tiers état*" made and won a revolution. This, however, was not the failure of the trade unions themselves but of the political parties with which they were affiliated. The liberal and progressive as well as Socialist parties failed to make any headway with this class. The white-collar

[9] According to a census of 100,000 salaried employees compiled by the GDA in 1929, only 25 per cent came from workers' families; 71.7 per cent had parents belonging to the middle class (officials, salaried employees, shopowners and craftsmen).

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groups could be held so long as the trade unions were successful in defending the economic standard of this type of worker. When the crisis deepened they became frightened and "when they grow frightened, they jump on the bandwagon of whatever seems strong." The fate of unionism was decided by the economic conditions which underlay the psychological distrust —but in a direction that ran just contrary to Marxian doctrine.

The same thing was true of the unemployed workers. In 1932 one-third of the 21 million of the working population was unemployed. Whereas 3.4 per cent of the members of the free trade unions were unemployed in 1925, this percentage rose—without counting those in part-time jobs—to 45 in 1932. Although those workers who had for years been educated in trade unionism remained loyal to their unions in that time of distress, the bulk of the young workers, many of whom had had no occupation at all since they left school, deserted to the Communists or went over to the Nazis and joined the Storm Troopers in whose ranks they were offered a life of illegal and romantic soldiership. Labor's preservation lay in winning the solid support of the younger generation. But labor merely touched its fringes. Not bourgeois enough for the middle class, the unions were too bourgeois for the young worker. Its functionaries were middle-aged and even older men, absolutely honest, proficient and incorruptible,[10] but they were utterly lacking in any revolutionary spirit and were unable to cope with an ideological dilemma. Labor no longer appealed to a youth which had nothing to lose but a hopeless life. In its rich institutions, which it was afraid to lose by imprudent action, and with its cautious leaders and functionaries, most of whom were family providers, trade unionism had become bourgeois. A rich man will hardly enter the kingdom of heaven; neither will he gain the realm of socialism.

[10] The rumor that the trade unions, like the administration of the Republic, were corrupt, was but a piece of misleading propaganda, used for the confiscation of their buildings and property. All that was revealed was the well-known fact that the free unions had given financial support to the Social Democratic party. No trial was ever conducted by the National Socialist régime.

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It was merely human that the free trade unions tried to save themselves by voluntary submission to the new order. "Coordination" was the great slogan in the early months of the Hitler government. All organizations in business, cultural, church and even private life adjusted themselves by removing their board members and replacing them with those agreeable to or at least acceptable by the groups in power. The liberal and Christian unions did so too. The head of the free federation of salaried employees, who happened to be a Jew, resigned. Only Theodor Leipart, leader of the free workers' unions, remained in his post. When, at the suggestion of Dr. Goebbels, the government declared May Day an official holiday, Leipart and the other union leaders decided to take part in the celebration. They summoned their members with an announcement which in essence read as follows: "We welcome the decision of the government in having declared this, our day, the national holiday of labor. . . . In full class-consciousness the workers of Germany will demonstrate on the first of May."

So it happened that the May Fête took place, and for the first time in history with entrepreneurs marching in the parade at the head of their employees. In his speech praising the dignity of work and of working men Hitler did not detail his plans regarding labor. They became clearer the next day when Storm Troopers seized the buildings of the free unions throughout the country and imprisoned their functionaries. Under the leadership of Robert Ley this action was instigated by a National Socialist Party committee "For the protection of national labor." A few days later all other trade unions submitted to this committee, which dissolved them and replaced them with the German Labor Front.

On the first of May 1933 German labor had attended its own burial.

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Virtue from Wessex: Thomas Hardy

CARL J. WEBER

A LITTLE over forty years ago Mark Twain arrived in England at the end of the lecture tour that had taken him around the world. He took a house for his family at Guilford in southern England, and there in 1896 settled down for a quiet rest between his lectures to enthusiastic English audiences. On one wet Sunday Mark found himself unable to get back to his family. Years later he recalled that day and told his cousin (Dr. James Ross Clemens) about it:

> I found myself stranded in the country and obliged to put up at a village inn. I gravitated to the smoking-room and there met a brother derelict, and after the time of day had been passed a desultory conversation sprang up between us. Soon literary topics came to the fore, and I began to attack England's literary giant, Thomas Hardy. But the little man with the broken nose across the table did not seem somehow to concur as heartily as I might have expected. When the little man arose to go, after paying his score, he gave me a look that can best be described as "dirty" and stalked out of the room with the hauteur of a Spanish grandee. Vaguely ill at ease, I asked the waiter the name of the gentleman. "Mr. Thomas Hardy, sir."

Mark Twain's statement that Hardy "stalked out of the room with the hauteur of a Spanish grandee" would imply Hardy had been offended by Mark Twain's innocent attack and that outraged dignity had kept him from "concurring as heartily as one might have expected." If, however, Mark Twain had only known that he was repeating what had been said over and over and over again he would not have mistaken boredom for hauteur. Thomas Hardy was merely bored at hearing once again what he had been hearing for more than a quarter of a century. Mark Twain's words were "I began to attack Thomas Hardy." The attack had begun nearly 30 years

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earlier and long before Mark Twain turned up at the table opposite Thomas Hardy the little man of Wessex had grown weary of the old, old story.

Hardy wrote his first novel in 1868 and called it *The Poor Man and the Lady*. When the manuscript was offered to Macmillan, John Morley (then Macmillan's reader) attacked it. When it was next offered to Chapman & Hall, George Meredith (their literary adviser) condemned it. "You'll ruin your chances with the British reading public," Meredith in effect told Hardy, "if you publish this violent satire on the London social world." Hardy was ready to take advice. "Don't nail your colors to the mast in so final a fashion. Go home and write another novel—one with more plot!" Such was Meredith's advice and Hardy took it. *The Poor Man and the Lady* was laid aside and in 1870 *Desperate Remedies* was written. Here there was plot and to spare but it, like *The Poor Man*, was rejected by Macmillan. Only by paying the bill for publishing the novel did Hardy persuade Tinsley Brothers to issue it in 1871. It was immediately attacked. As Hardy himself long afterwards expressed it, his first published novel was "nearly snuffed out" by a savage review in *The Spectator*.

When *Far from the Madding Crowd* appeared in 1874 the *British Quarterly Review* attacked it on the ground of its coarseness and Henry James, writing in the New York *Nation*, denounced its vagueness and its artificiality. Nor were the attacks confined to printed articles. Sometimes the foe appeared before the author in person. A sample of the sort of intrusion Hardy often had to put up with has only recently come to light and has never before, so far as I know, been made public. Inserted in a copy of *Far from the Madding Crowd* (now in the library of Colby College) which once belonged to Hardy's friend, S. M. Ellis, there is a record of Hardy's having reported that

> a deputation of humanitarians (six, I think) from America, visited Hardy to remonstrate against the cruel incident where the woman is assisted by a stray dog on whom she leans for support. After being at-

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tended she asks for her friend the dog, only to be told that it has been stoned away. The deputation of American humanitarians asked that this scene be altered!

Thus a work now generally recognized as one of the glories of English literature began by producing attacks on its author from both sides of the ocean.

Four years later there appeared what many critics have since proclaimed to be Hardy's masterpiece, *The Return of the Native*, but the attacks continued. Their nature can be briefly indicated in the words of Sir James M. Barrie:

In an old library copy of *The Return of the Native*, I have been shown, in the handwriting of different ladies, "What a horrid book!" —"Eustacia is a libel on noble womankind," and (should this be mentioned?) "Oh, how I *hate* Thomas Hardy!"

Little man physically though he was, Hardy (in the language of the modern undergraduate) "could take it," and attacks did not close his mouth. He refused to keep anything back. He continued to speak out and the world continued to attack. When *The Trumpet-Major* was published in 1880 Hardy was attacked for stealing from an American author he had never heard of, and when *Two on a Tower* appeared in 1882 he was accused of slandering bishops of the English Church. *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, 1886, brought upon Hardy a charge of libeling Scottish manhood; and when *Tess* appeared in 1891 the outcry became so great and the attacks so bitter that Hardy wrote in his journal, "If this sort of thing continues, no more novel-writing for me. A man must be a fool to deliberately stand up to be shot at."

A man of Hardy's courage, however, did not find it easy to run away. When he was 48 he had jotted down some notes for "a short story of a young man who could not go to Oxford. There is something [in this] the world ought to be shown, and *I am the one to show it to them.*" The "short story" grew into *Jude the Obscure*, published in 1895, and the noise of battle arose louder than ever. Here, for instance, are four sentences

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from Jeanette Gilder's hysterical review in the New York *World*:

I am shocked, appalled by this story! It is almost the worst book I ever read. I thought that *Tess* was bad enough, but . . . this . . . ! When I finished the story, I opened the windows and let in the fresh air!

Hardy made one final attempt in the field of fiction. He issued in 1897 a revised version of what he called a "fantastic little tale." *The Well-Beloved* was intended, he said, to be "a fanciful exhibition of the artistic nature." But even this was attacked. The habit of a quarter of a century was not easily dropped by the British public and in the year that followed Hardy's chance encounter with Mark Twain Hardy wrote to A. C. Swinburne to say, "I have been much surprised, and even grieved, by a ferocious review attributing an immoral quality to *The Well-Beloved*." It seemed the last straw; Hardy wrote no more novels. The next year he returned to poetry, his first love, and published *Wessex Poems*.

For the next 30 years he issued volume after volume of poetry. During this long Indian summer of his career the savagery and viciousness of earlier attacks were gradually abated but none of the volumes of verse, from *Wessex Poems* in '98 to *Winter Words* in 1928, was wholly free from attack. When *The Dynasts* appeared the London *Times* printed objections to Hardy's calling his work a drama and yet announcing that it was intended for mental performance only. He was charged with forgetting that "drama" implied a stage and a theater. Later volumes of verse were denounced for their absence of lyrical quality, for their unusual vocabulary, for their subjects, for their philosophy ("Of course he is a pessimist" declared Sir Edmund Gosse), for everything that poems can be denounced for. There are, indeed, many who still refuse to regard Hardy as a poet at all; who because they have happened upon an uninviting line or two confine their attention to the novels that grew out of Hardy's first 25 years of writing, to the total exclusion of the poems of his last 30 years. And in re-

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cent accounts of the Wessex novels, echoes of earlier attacks are not absent. Professor Weygandt writes, "Hardy is that fellow who has such a beautiful setting for things going wrong through the cussedness of women!"

In this retrospect of 70 years it is obvious that critics and reviewers have left no flaw in Hardy undetected. Under such a long and determined siege his castle ought to have fallen long ago and its lord with it. What keeps Hardy still alive?

His supporters have found various things to praise—first of all, his style. In his earliest attempt at fiction Meredith saw promise and encouraged him to continue. Tinsley, Hardy's first publisher, was not discouraged by the sale of only 370 copies of *Desperate Remedies*. "I do like your writing, Mr. Hardy!" he exclaimed. When Oliver Madox Brown lay upon his deathbed the first chapters of *Far from the Madding Crowd* were read to him. The story was then appearing in the *Cornhill Magazine* which had just refused a story of his own. "No wonder," the boy exclaimed, "they did not want *my* writing." More recent judgments are in the same vein. W. J. Locke, for instance, declares, "No man living has achieved that stern marble beauty of Hardy's prose."

Next to his genius for style Hardy has been praised for his structural form and plan. Lionel Johnson, one of the first of the English critics fully to appreciate Hardy's greatness, declared, "The most appreciable mark of Mr. Hardy's power in design is the tenacity with which his designs hold the memory." It was this quality that led a fellow-novelist, Arnold Bennett, to exclaim, "Thomas Hardy, in my opinion, is not merely the greatest living English writer, and not merely one of the greatest English writers of any period—he is one of the world's greatest writers of any period. I have held this view for years, and I see no reason for altering it. I have used strong language about Thomas Hardy, but I could not say less."

As a third point Hardy has been acclaimed for his Wordsworthian eye for the phenomena of nature. "What you don't know about this Wessex of yours isn't knowledge," exclaimed

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William Archer to Hardy. "I shall never forget the first page of yours I ever came across. It seems to me there isn't a contour of the country that isn't mapped in your mind." Barrie, too, was impressed with the accuracy and extent of Hardy's knowledge of nature. "Everyone knows," said Barrie in 1929, "that he had an intimacy with trees surpassing even that of Giles Winterborne [in *The Woodlanders*]. The trees had a similar knowledge of him. When he passed through their wood, they could tell him from all other men." When Lionel Johnson read the account of the approach of the storm in *Far from the Madding Crowd* he confessed, "The passage fills me with a strange fear, so magical seems this warning of nature; and with a strange shame, so little should I have understood it."

A fourth ground for distinction is indicated in declarations such as that of Theodore Dreiser, "Ever since I began to look over books in a bookstore, it seems to me I have encountered Hardy. As a painter of the human scene, he seems to me to outrank most of his contemporaries." And in this view he is supported by another contemporary American novelist. Sinclair Lewis, shortly before Hardy's death, wrote "I am merely joining a majority of intelligent readers when I assert that Hardy is probably the greatest living novelist. A hundred years from now he will be distinctly seen as one of the few geniuses of all prose fiction."

It is worth noticing that all these voices, whether uttering ardent words of praise or heated cries of blame, have fixed attention upon some one aspect or other of Hardy's work, usually a small part of his work, and have ignored the trumpet chorus of his total output and the significance of the life behind it. Criticism of this sort is certain to mislead. But flippant and "smart" comments tickle the funny-bone of the jaded reading public and account for remarks like this from Rebecca West:

> It is a pity to read Mr. Hardy's shorter poems in one volume. One is apt to be discouraged by the frequency with which he has persuaded himself that a macabre subject is a poem in itself. One of Mr. Hardy's ancestors must have married a weeping willow. There are pages and

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pages in his collected poems which are simply plain narratives in ballad form of how an unenjoyable time was had by all.

Reference has been made to the 60-year siege that made up Hardy's life. Now if a man spends his time studying the lily-pads that float in the stagnant moat, or the cracked glass in the tower-window, or the rusty chain that half supports the draw-bridge he may easily lose sight of the fact that, battered though the fort may be, Thomas Hardy still holds it. John Middleton Murry, whose words are so wise as to deserve repeating, is one of the very few modern critics who have *not* lost sight of this important fact:

> It has not been sufficiently pointed out (perhaps because it has not been sufficiently understood) that in the dark period of his tragedies Shakespeare's way of escape was one and one alone. More and more he came to put the emphasis on loyalty. Though the whole universe is black, the flame of human loyalty shines the more brightly in the surrounding darkness, until, by the devotion of Kent and Cordelia in *King Lear* and by the superb pageant of loyalties in *Antony and Cleopatra*, the universe is lit as by a blaze of triumphant splendor.
>
> Less magnificently, but not less surely, Hardy turns to the same theme, compelled by the same inward necessity. Like turns to like: the loyal to loyalty. In the same way as Shakespeare, against a like challenge of despair, Hardy vindicates the soul of man.

Many who read these words may already have made the acquaintance of that unusually stimulating book, F. L. Lucas' *The Decline and Fall of the Romantic Ideal*. In this book Mr. Lucas recalls his own experience of 20 years ago when as a soldier he sat "waiting for annihilation" in a shell hole in France. At such a time, face to face with reality, one inevitably asks where one may turn for solace. F. L. Lucas found there was little of modern literature which would stand such a test, "even for those who cheer it loudest in their armchairs." Against the challenge of despair "it was not mystics, religious or literary, who could bring support, but poets like Housman." By the very fact that it *was* extreme Housman's pessimism proved comforting to those who could not see hope or cheer in the world about them. And Thomas Hardy, like Housman,

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showed himself ready to face the worst. Early in life he declared that

> If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst.

And in spite of the blackness of despair he nevertheless found life intensely interesting.

> Let me enjoy the earth no less
> Because the all-enacting might
> That fashioned forth its loveliness
> Had other aims than my delight.

In expressing this attitude Hardy stands ready to serve as moral leader for thousands of *modern* groping minds. That is why W. L. Courtney, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, calls him "the most modern of moderns." That is why Philo M. Buck, Jr., writing in *The World's Great Age*, exclaimed:

> Hardy is utterly modern in his thought. Science has seemed to build a blank wall against human aspiration, and Hardy cheerfully accepts the only possibilities left and cultivates these diligently. We have in our hands a humble happiness as a compensation for our fatal knowledge.

We are, as it were, in the position of King Lear when made a captive by the army of Edmund. Hardy is at one with Housman in teaching us to learn, like Lear, to accept our fate cheerfully:

> Come, let's away to prison:
> We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
> And so we'll live, and tell old tales, and laugh
> At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
> Talk of court news; . . . and we'll wear out,
> In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
> That ebb and flow by the moon.

Just as in Lear's reference to "birds i' the cage" and to "a wall'd prison" there is no blinking the fact of his captivity, so in Hardy's frank and honest acceptance of the modern world there is no refusal to face the situation as he finds it. In reading Hardy the modern student is not called upon to keep making al-

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lowances for the point of view of a former day. For his point of view is that of the modern laboratory. Huxley's definition of the scientist's attitude fits Hardy perfectly. The scientist, declared Huxley, "absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority, as such. For him, scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin." Hardy understood that spirit. Turn for instance to his early poem, "In a Wood"[1]:

Pale beech and pine so blue,
  Set in one clay,
Bough to bough cannot you
  Live out your day? . . .

Heart-halt and spirit-lame,
  City-opprest,
Unto this wood I came
  As to a nest;
Dreaming that sylvan peace
Offered the harrowed ease—
Nature a soft release
  From men's unrest.

But, having entered in,
  Great growths and small
Show them to men akin—
  Combatants all! . . .

Since, then, no grace I find
  Taught me of trees,
Turn I back to my kind,
  Worthy as these.
There at least smiles abound,
There discourse trills around,
There, now and then, are found
  Life-loyalties.

Here, as in *The Woodlanders*, we have Hardy's frank acceptance of a Nature where "everywhere the Unfulfilled Intention was obvious. The leaf was deformed, the curve was crippled,

[1] Quoted from the *Collected poems of Thomas Hardy* by special permission of the Trustees of the Hardy copyrights.

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the taper was interrupted." This view is that of the modern botanist who has difficulty in detecting what Wordsworth so confidently announced as "Nature's holy plan."

Nor is Hardy's modern view one of *mere* blank acceptance of a mechanistic universe from which all hope is banished. The critics still cry "pessimist!" but two short poems will serve to illustrate the indomitable optimism of Hardy's mind, whatever may have been his emotional temper. On Christmas Eve 1915, one of the darkest days of the World War, the London *Times* printed his poem called "The Oxen."[2] Those simple lines, once read, are not easily forgotten. The wistfulness of the cadences, that enormously significant word "hoping" in the last line, tell us more about the true quality of Hardy's character than pages of criticism.

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.
"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearth-side ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
"Come; see the oxen kneel,

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

The second poem is called "The Darkling Thrush."[3] Alfred Noyes declares:

Those who are really abreast of the achievements in poetry during the last fifty years are also aware that Mr. Hardy's poem "The Dark-

[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.

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ling Thrush" is a lyric of rugged strength, that peculiar strength which comes from understatement and the sense of something in reserve; a lyric of such pathos and beauty as can be compared with the best that has ever been done in our great lyrical language; and that is to say one of the finest lyrics in the world. From the first line to the restrained and intense rapture of the close, the poem bears upon it the stamp of a truth and sincerity beyond praise. It is a lyric that, read once, may be forgotten. Read three times, it will haunt the reader's memory as long as pain and death retain any meaning for him.

Assuming that the reader has already read the poem twice, let me provide an invitation to that third reading which will make the poem haunt his memory forever:

I leant upon a coppice gate
  When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
  The weakening eye of day. . . .

The ancient pulse of germ and birth
  Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
  Seemed fervorless as I.

At once a voice arose among
  The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
  Of joy illimited.
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
  In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
  Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
  Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
  Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
  His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
  And I was unaware.

"Some blessed Hope!" Obviously "pessimist" is not the right

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term for Hardy. Instead of placing critical emphasis upon his idea of a godless and unguided world it should be set upon the living and striving creatures in it. It is the characters he wrought in pity that make his novels great, and it is this same pity and tenderness and loyalty and love that make his poems inspiring.

In his pity for man's unhappy lot Hardy recognized that whatever improvement in that lot was possible would come only by man's own efforts. Here he was in agreement with one of the eloquent voices of Hardy's earlier life. The message has not lost its value for 1939. John Ruskin declared, "You will tell me I need not preach against these things, for I cannot mend them. No, good friends, I cannot. But *you* can, and you will; or something else can and will. Change *must* come. Better or worse shall come; and it is for you to choose which." This was essentially Hardy's own belief.

We have then the spectacle of a tender-hearted little man courageously facing a world ready to despair and offering them his leadership. The value of this leadership has been noted by Van Wyck Brooks, whose *Flowering of New England* (1936) has sent some readers back to his earlier work on "The Literary Life in America" (1922). There he declared:

> The lack of great leaders is our chief misfortune. Men have always fed on the thought of greatness and on the propinquity of greatness. Gorky, having seen Tolstoy once, felt everything in him blending in one happy thought, "I am not an orphan on the earth, so long as this man lives on it." The presence of such men immeasurably raises the morale of the literary life. Is it not true that the whole contemporary literature of England has drawn virtue from Thomas Hardy?

We who live in a world that is too much with us can feed on the thought of Hardy's greatness and our propinquity to him. Years ago Kipling called him Lord of the Wessex Coast. His realm is much wider than that. Thomas Hardy is one of the great spiritual leaders of the modern world and from him they may draw virtue who read him aright.

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The Vedânta and Western Tradition

ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

"These are really the thoughts of all men in all ages and lands, they are not original with me."

WALT WHITMAN.

THERE have been teachers, such as Orpheus, Hermes, Buddha, Lao-tzŭ and Christ, the historicity of whose human existence is doubtful and to whom there may be accorded the higher dignity of a mythical reality. Śaṅkara, like Plotinus, Augustine, or Eckhart, was certainly a man amongst men though we know comparatively little about his life. He was of South Indian Brahman birth, flourished in the first half of the 9th century A.D. and founded a monastic order which still survives. He became a *sannyāsin*, or "truly poor man," at the age of eight, as the disciple of a certain Govinda and of Govinda's own teacher Gauḍapāda, the author of a treatise on the Upaniṣads in which their essential doctrine of the "Non-duality" of the divine Being was set forth. Śaṅkara journeyed to Benares and wrote the famous commentary on the *Brahma Sūtra* there in his twelfth year; the commentaries on the Upaniṣads and *Bhagavad Gītā* were written later. Most of the great sage's life was spent wandering about India, teaching and taking part in controversies. He is understood to have died between the ages of 30 and 40. Such wanderings and disputations as his have always been characteristically Indian institutions; in his days, as now, Sanskrit was the lingua Franca of learned men just as for centuries Latin was the lingua Franca of Western countries, and free public debate was so generally recognized that halls erected for the accommodation of peripatetic teachers and disputants were at almost every court.

An address, principally devoted to the Vedânta of Śaṅkarâcāya, given before the Radcliffe College Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

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The traditional metaphysics with which the name of Śaṅkara is connected is known either as the Vedânta, a term which occurs in the Upaniṣads and means the "Vedas' ends," both as "latter part" and as "ultimate significance"; or as Ātmavidyā, the doctrine of the knowledge of the true "self" or "spiritual essence"; or as Advaita, "Non-duality," a term which, while it denies duality, makes no affirmations about the nature of unity and must not be taken to imply anything like our monisms or pantheisms. A gnosis (*jñāna*) is taught in this metaphysics.

Śaṅkara was not in any sense the founder, discoverer or promulgator of a new religion or philosophy; his great work as an expositor consisted in a demonstration of the unity and consistency of Vedic doctrine and in an explanation of its apparent contradictions by a correlation of different formulations with the points of view implied in them. In particular, and exactly as in European Scholasticism, he distinguished between the two complementary approaches to God, which are those of the affirmative and negative theology. In the way of affirmation, or relative knowledge, qualities are predicated in the Supreme Identity by way of excellence, while in the way of negation all qualities are abstracted. The famous "No, no" of the Upaniṣads which forms the basis of Śaṅkara's method, as it did of the Buddha's, depends upon a recognition of the truth—expressed by Dante amongst many others—that there are things which are beyond the reach of discursive thought and which cannot be understood except by denying things of them.

Śaṅkara's style is one of great originality and power as well as subtlety. I shall cite from his commentary on the *Bhagavad Gītā* a passage that has the further advantage of introducing us at once to the central problem of the Vedânta—that of the discrimination of what is really, and not merely according to our way of thinking, "myself." "How is it," Śaṅkara says, "that there are professors who like ordinary men maintain that 'I am so-and-so' and 'This is mine'? Listen: it is because their so-called learning consists in thinking of the body as their 'self.' " In the Commentary on the *Brahma Sūtra* he enunciates in only

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four Sanskrit words what has remained in Indian metaphysics from first to last the consistent doctrine of the immanent Spirit within you as the only knower, agent and transmigrant.

The metaphysical literature underlying Śaṅkara's expositions consists essentially of the Four Vedas together with the Brāhmaṇas and their Upaniṣads, all regarded as revealed, eternal, datable, as to their recension in any case, before 500 B. C., together with the *Bhagavad Gītā* and *Brahma Sūtra* (datable before the beginning of the Christian era). Of these books, the Vedas are liturgical, the Brāhmaṇas are explanatory of the ritual and the Upaniṣads are devoted to the Brahma-doctrine or *Theologia Mystica*, which are taken for granted in the liturgy and ritual. The *Brahma Sūtra* is a greatly condensed compendium of Upaniṣad doctrine and the *Bhagavad Gītā* is an exposition adapted to the understanding of those whose primary business has to do with the active rather than the contemplative life.

For many reasons, which I shall try to explain, it will be far more difficult to expound the Vedânta than it would be to expound the personal views of a modern "thinker" or even such a thinker as Plato or Aristotle. Neither the modern English vernacular nor modern philosophical or psychological jargon provides us with an adequate vocabulary, nor does modern education provide us with the ideological background which would be essential for easy communication. I shall have to make use of a purely symbolic, abstract and technical language, as if I were speaking in terms of higher mathematics; you may recall that Emil Mâle speaks of Christian symbolism as a "calculus." There is this advantage: the matter to be communicated and the symbols to be employed are no more peculiarly Indian than peculiarly Greek or Islamic, Egyptian or Christian.

Metaphysics, in general, resorts to visual symbols (crosses and circles for example) and above all to the symbolism of light and of the sun—than which, as Dante says, "No object of sense in the whole world is more worthy to be made a type of God." But I shall also have to use such technical terms as es-

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sence and substance, potentiality and act, spiration and despiration, exemplary likeness, eviternity, form and accident. Metempsychosis must be distinguished from transmigration and both from "reincarnation." We shall have to distinguish soul from spirit. Before we can know when, if ever, it is proper to render a given Sanskrit word by our word "soul" (*anima*, *psyche*) we must have known in what manifold senses the word "soul" has been employed in the European tradition; what kind of souls can be "saved"; what kind of soul Christ requires us to "hate" if we would be his disciples; what kind of soul Eckhart refers to when he says that the soul must "put itself to death." We must know what Philo means by the "soul of the soul"; and we must ask how we can think of animals as "soulless," notwithstanding that the word "animal" means quite literally "ensouled." We must distinguish essence from existence. And I may have to coin such a word as "nowever" to express the full and original meanings of such words as "suddenly," "immediately" and "presently."

The sacred literature of India is available to most of us only in translations made by scholars trained in linguistics rather than in metaphysics; and it has been expounded and explained —or as I should rather say, explained away—mainly by scholars ready provided with the assumptions of the naturalist and anthropologist, scholars whose intellectual capacities have been so much inhibited by their own powers of observation that they can no longer distinguish the reality from the appearance, the Supernal Sun of metaphysics from the physical sun of their own experience. Apart from these, Indian literature has either been studied and explained by Christian propagandists whose main concern has been to demonstrate the falsity and absurdity of the doctrines involved, or by theosophists by whom the doctrines have been caricatured with the best intentions and perhaps even worse results.

The educated man of today is, moreover, completely out of touch with those European modes of thought and those intellectual aspects of the Christian doctrine which are nearest those

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of the Vedic traditions. A knowledge of modern Christianity will be of little use because the fundamental sentimentality of our times has diminished what was once an intellectual doctrine to a mere morality that can hardly be distinguished from a pragmatic humanism. A European can hardly be said to be adequately prepared for the study of the Vedânta unless he has acquired some knowledge and understanding of at least Plato, Philo, Hermes, Plotinus, the Gospels (especially John), Dionysius, and finally Eckhart who with the possible exception of Dante can be regarded from an Indian point of view as the greatest of all Europeans.

The Vedânta is not a "philosophy" in the current sense of the word, but only as the word is used in the phrase *philosophia perennis*, and only if we have in mind the Hermetic "philosophy" or that "Wisdom" by whom Boethius was consoled. Modern philosophies are closed systems, employing the method of dialectics and taking for granted that opposites are mutually exclusive. In modern philosophy things are either so or not so; in eternal philosophy this depends upon our point of view. Metaphysics is not a system but a consistent doctrine; it is not merely concerned with conditioned and quantitative experience but with universal possibility. It therefore considers possibilities that may be neither possibilities of manifestation nor in any sense formal, as well as ensembles of possibility that can be realized in a given world. The ultimate reality of metaphysics is a Supreme Identity in which the opposition of all contraries, even of being and not-being, is resolved; its "worlds" and "gods" are levels of reference and symbolic entities which are neither places nor individuals but states of being realizable within you.

Philosophers have personal theories about the nature of the world; our "philosophical discipline" is primarily a study of the history of these opinions and of their historical connections. We encourage the budding philosopher to have opinions of his own on the chance that they may represent an improvement on previous theories. We do not envisage, as does the *philosophia*

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perennis, the possibility of knowing the Truth once and for all; still less do we set before us as our goal to become this truth.

The metaphysical "philosophy" is called "perennial" because of its eternity, universality and immutability; it is Augustine's "Wisdom uncreate, the same now as it ever was and ever will be"; the religion which, as he also says, only came to be called "Christianity" after the coming of Christ. What was revealed in the beginning contains implicitly the whole truth; and so long as the tradition is transmitted without deviation, so long in other words as the chain of teachers and disciples remains unbroken, neither inconsistency nor error is possible. On the other hand, an understanding of the doctrine must be perpetually renewed; it is not a matter of words. That the doctrine has no history by no means excludes the possibility, or even the necessity, for a perpetual explicitation of its formulae, an adaptation of the rites originally practised and an application of its principles to the arts and sciences. The more humanity declines from its first self-sufficiency the more the necessity for such an application arises. Of these explicitations and adaptations a history is possible. Thus a distinction is drawn between what was "heard" at the outset and what has been "remembered."

A deviation or heresy is only possible when the essential teaching has been in some respect misunderstood or perverted. To say, for example, that "I am a pantheist" is merely to confess that "I am not a metaphysician," just as to say that "two and two make five" would be to confess "I am not a mathematician." Within the tradition itself there cannot be any contradictory or mutually exclusive theories or dogmas. For example, what are called the "six systems of Indian philosophy" (a phrase in which only the words "six" and "Indian" are justified) are not mutually contradictory and exclusive theories. The so-called "systems" are no more or less orthodox than mathematics, chemistry and botany which, though separate disciplines more or less scientific amongst themselves, are not anything but branches of one "science." India, indeed, makes use of the term "branches" to denote what the Indologist mis-

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understands to be "sects." It is precisely because there are no "sects" within the fold of Brahmanical orthodoxy that an intolerance in the European sense has been virtually unknown in Indian history—and for the same reason it is just as easy for me to think in terms of the Hermetic philosophy as in terms of Vedânta. There must be "branches" because nothing can be known except in the mode of the knower; however strongly we may realize that all roads lead to one Sun, it is equally evident that each man must choose that road which starts from the point at which he finds himself at the moment of setting out. For the same reasons Hinduism has never been a missionary faith. It may be true that the metaphysical tradition has been better and more fully preserved in India than in Europe. If so, it only means that the Christian can learn from the Vedânta how to understand his own "way" better.

The philosopher expects to prove his points. For the metaphysician it suffices to show that a supposedly false doctrine involves a contradiction of first principles. For example a philosopher who argues for an immortality of the soul endeavors to discover proofs of the survival of personality; for the metaphysician it suffices to remember that "the first beginning must be the same as the last end"—from which it follows that a soul, understood to have been created in time, cannot but end in time. The metaphysician can no more be convinced by any so-called "proof of the survival of personality" than a physicist could be convinced of the possibility of a perpetual motion machine by any so-called proof. Furthermore, metaphysics deals for the most part with matters which cannot be publicly proved, but can only be demonstrated, i.e. made intelligible by analogy, and which even when verified in personal experience can only be stated in terms of symbol and myth. At the same time faith is made relatively easy by the infallible logic of the texts themselves—which is their beauty and their attractive power. Let us remember the Christian definition of faith: "assent to a credible proposition." One must believe in order to understand and understand in order to believe. These are not

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successive, however, but simultaneous acts of the mind. In other words there can be no knowledge of anything to which the will refuses its consent, or love of anything that has not been known.

Metaphysics differs still further from philosophy in having a purely practical purpose. It is no more a pursuit of truth for truth's sake than are the related arts a pursuit of art for art's sake, or related conduct the pursuit of morality for the sake of morality. There is indeed a quest, but the seeker already knows, so far as this can be stated in words, what it is that he is in search of; the quest is achieved only when he himself has become the object of his search. Neither verbal knowledge nor a merely formal assent nor impeccable conduct is of any more than indispensable dispositive value—means to an end.

Taken in their materiality, as "literature," the texts and symbols are inevitably misunderstood by those who are not themselves in quest. Without exception the metaphysical terms and symbols are the technical terms of the chase. They are never literary ornaments, and as Malinowski has so well said in another connection, "Technical language, in matters of practical pursuit, acquires its meaning only through personal participation in this type of pursuit." That is why, the Indian feels, the Vedantic texts have been only verbally and grammatically and never really understood by European scholars, whose methods of study are avowedly objective and noncommittal. The Vedânta can be known only to the extent that it has been lived. The Indian therefore cannot trust a teacher whose doctrine is not directly reflected in his very being. Here is something very far removed from the modern European concept of scholarship.

We must add for the sake of those who entertain romantic notions of the "mysterious East" that the Vedânta has nothing to do with magic or with the exercise of occult powers. It is true that the efficacy of magical procedure and the actuality of occult powers are taken for granted in India. But the magic is regarded as an applied science of the basest kind; and while occult powers, such as that of operation "at a distance," are incidentally acquired in the course of contemplative practice,

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the use of them—unless under the most exceptional circumstances—is regarded as a dangerous deviation from the path.

Nor is the Vedânta a kind of psychology or Yoga a sort of therapeutics except quite accidentally. Physical and moral health are *pre*requisites to spiritual progress. A psychological analysis is employed only to break down our fond belief in the unity and immateriality of the "soul" and with a view to a better distinguishing of the spirit from what is not the spirit but only a temporary psycho-physical manifestation of one of the most limited of its modalities. Whoever, like Jung, insists upon translating the essentials of Indian or Chinese metaphysics into a psychology is merely distorting the meaning of the texts. Modern psychology has from an Indian point of view about the same values that attach to spiritualism and magic and other "superstitions." Finally, I must point out that the metaphysics, the Vedânta, is not a form of mysticism except in the sense that with Dionysius we can speak of a *Theologia Mystica.* What is ordinarily meant by "mysticism" involves a passive receptivity —"we must be able to let things happen in the psyche" is Jung's way of putting it (and in this statement he proclaims himself a "mystic"). But metaphysics repudiates the psyche altogether. The words of Christ, that "No man can be my disciple who hateth not his own soul," have been voiced again and again by every Indian *guru*; and so far from involving passivity, contemplative practise involves an activity that is commonly compared to the blazing of a fire at a temperature so high as to show neither flickering nor smoke. The pilgrim is called a "toiler" and the characteristic refrain of the pilgrim song is "Keep on going, keep on going." The "Way" of the Vedantist is above all an activity.

Part 2

The Vedânta takes for granted an omniscience independent of any source of knowledge external to itself, and a beatitude independent of any external source of pleasure. In saying "That

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art thou" the Vedânta affirms that man is possessed of, and is himself, "that one thing which when it is known, all things are known" and "for the sake of which alone all things are dear." It affirms that man is unaware of this hidden treasure within himself because he has inherited an ignorance that inheres in the very nature of the psycho-physical vehicle which he mistakenly identifies with himself. The purpose of all teaching is to dissipate this ignorance; when the darkness has been pierced nothing remains but the Gnosis of the Light. The technique of education is therefore always formally destructive and iconoclastic; it is not the conveyance of information but the education of a latent knowledge.

The "great dictum" of the Upaniṣads is "That art thou." "That" is here, of course, the Ātman or Spirit, *Sanctus Spiritus*, the Greek *pneuma*, the Arabic *rūh*, the Hebrew *ruah*, the Egyptian *Amon*, the Chinese *ch'i*; Ātman is spiritual-essence, impartite whether transcendent or immanent; and however many and various the directions to which it may extend or from which it may withdraw, it is unmoved mover in both intransitive and transitive senses. It lends itself to all modalities of being but never itself becomes anyone or anything. That than which all else is a vexation—That art thou. "That," in other words, is the Brahman, or God in the general sense of Logos or Being considered as the universal source of all Being—expanding, manifesting and productive, font of all things, all of which are "in" him as the finite in the infinite though not a "part" of him since the infinite has no parts.

For the most part I shall use the word Ātman hereafter. While this Ātman, as that which blows and enlightens, is primarily "Spirit" (and because it is this divine Eros that is the quickening essence in all things and thus their real being) the word Ātman is also used reflexively to mean "self"—either "oneself" in whatever sense, however gross, the notion may be entertained, or with reference to the spiritual-self or person (which is the only knowing subject and essence of all things and must be distinguished from the affected and contingent "I"

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that is a compound of the body and of all that we mean by "soul" when we speak of a "psychology"). Two very different "selves" are thus involved, and it has been the custom of translators, accordingly, to render Ātman as "self," printed either with a small or with a capital *s* according to the context. The same distinction is drawn, for example, by St. Bernard between what is my "property" (*proprium*) and what is my very being (*esse*). An alternative Indian formulation distinguishes the "knower of the field"—viz. the Spirit as the only knowing subject in all things and the same in all—from the "field," or body-and-soul as defined above (taken together with the pastures of the senses and embracing therefore all things that can be considered objectively). The Ātman or Brahman itself cannot be thus considered: "How couldst thou know the knower of knowing?"—or in other words, how can the first cause of all things be one of them?

The Ātman is impartite, but it is apparently divided and identified into variety by the differing forms of its vehicles, mouse or man, just as space within a jar is apparently signate and distinguishable from space without it. In this sense it can be said that "He is one as he is in himself but many as he is in his children" and that "Participating himself, he fills these worlds." But this is only in the sense that light fills space while it remains itself without discontinuity; the distinction of things from one another thus depending not on differences in the light but on differences in reflecting power. When the jar is shattered, when the vessel of life is unmade, we realize that what was apparently delimited had no boundaries and that "life" was a meaning not to be confused with "living." To say that the Ātman is thus at once participated and impartible, "undivided amongst divided things," without local position and at the same time everywhere, is another way of stating what we are more familiar with as the doctrine of Total Presence.

At the same time every one of these apparent definitions of the Spirit represents the actuality in time of one of its indefinitely numerous possibilities of formal manifestation. The exist-

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ence of the apparition begins at birth and ends at death; it can never be repeated. Nothing of "Śaṅkara" survives but a bequest. Therefore though we can speak of him as still a living power in the world the man has become a memory. On the other hand for the gnostic Spirit, the Knower of the field, the Knower of all births, there can never at any time cease to be an immediate knowledge of each and every one of its modalities, a knowledge without before or after (relative to the appearance or disappearance of Śaṅkara from the field of our experience). It follows that where knowledge and being, nature and essence are one and the same, Śaṅkara's being has no beginning and can never cease. In other words, there is a sense in which we can properly speak of "my spirit" and "my person" as well as of "the Spirit" and "the Person," notwithstanding that Spirit and Person are a perfectly simple substance without composition. I shall return to the meaning of "immortality" later, but for the present I want to use what has just been said to explain what was meant by a non-sectarian distinction of points of view. For whereas the Western student of "philosophy" thinks of Sāṁkhya and Vedânta as two incompatible "systems" because the former is concerned with the liberation of a plurality of Persons and the latter with the liberty of an inconnumerable person, no such antinomy is apparent to the Hindu. This can be explained by pointing out that in the Christian texts, "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus" and "Whoever is joined unto the Lord is one spirit," the plurals "Ye" and "Whoever" represent the Sāṁkhya and the singular "one" the Vedânta "point of view."

The validity of our consciousness of being, apart from any question of being So-and-so by name or by registrable characters, is accordingly taken for granted. This must not be confused with the argument, "*Cogito ergo sum.*" That "I" feel or "I" think is no proof that "I" am; for we can say with the Vedantist and Buddhist that this is merely a conceit, that "feelings are felt" and "thoughts are thought," and that all this is a part of the "field" of which the spirit is the surveyor just as we look at a picture which is in one sense a part of us though

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we are not in any sense a part of it. The question is posed accordingly: "Who art thou?" "What is that self to which we should resort?" We recognize that "self" can have more than one meaning when we speak of an "internal conflict"; when we say that "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak"; or when we say, with the *Bhagavad Gītā*, that "the Spirit is at war with whatever is not the Spirit."

Am "I" the spirit or the flesh? (We must always remember that in metaphysics the "flesh" includes all the esthetic and recognitive faculties of the "soul.") We may be asked to consider our reflection in a mirror and may understand that there we see "ourself"; if we are somewhat less naive we may be asked to consider the image of the psyche as reflected in the mirror of the mind and may understand that this is what "I" am; or if still better advised we may come to understand that we are none of these things—that they exist because we are rather than that we exist inasmuch as they are. The Vedânta affirms that "I" in my essence am as little, or only as much, affected by all these things as an author-playwright is affected by the sight of what is suffered or enjoyed by those who move on the stage—the stage, in this case, of "life" (in other words the "field" or "pasture" as distinguished from its aquiline surveyor, the Universal Man). The whole problem of man's last end, liberation, beatitude or deification is accordingly one of finding "oneself" no longer in "this man" but in the Universal Man, the *forma humanitatis*, who is independent of all orders of time and has neither beginning nor end.

Conceive that the "field" is the round or circus of the world, that the throne of the Spectator, the Universal Man, is central and elevated and that his aquiline glance at all times embraces the whole of the field (equally before and after the enactment of any particular event) in such a manner that from his point of view all events are always going on. We are to transfer our consciousness of being, from our position in the field where the games are going on, to the pavilion in which the Spectator, on whom the whole performance depends, is seated at ease.

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Conceive that the right lines of vision by which the Spectator is linked to each separated performer, and along which each performer might look upward (inward) to the Spectator if only his powers of vision sufficed, are lines of force or the strings by which the puppet-master moves the puppets for himself (who is the whole audience). Each of the performing puppets is convinced of its own independent existence and of itself as one amongst others which it sees in its own immediate environment and which it distinguishes by name, appearance and behavior. The Spectator does not, and cannot, see the performers as they see themselves, imperfectly, but he knows the being of each one of them as it really is—that is to say, not merely as effective in a given local position, but simultaneously at every point along the line of visual force by which the puppet is connected with himself, and primarily at that point at which all lines converge and where the being of all things coincides with being in itself. There the being of the puppet subsists as an eternal reason in the eternal intellect—otherwise called the Supernal Sun, the Light of lights, Spirit and Truth.

Suppose now that the Spectator goes to sleep: when he closes his eyes the universe disappears, to reappear only when he opens them again. The opening of eyes ("Let there be light") is called in religion the act of creation, but in metaphysics it is called manifestation, utterance, or spiration (to shine, to utter and to blow being one and the same thing *in divinis*): the closing of eyes is called in religion the "end of the world" but in metaphysics it is called concealment, silence, or despiration. For us, then, there is an alternation or evolution and involution. But for the central Spectator there is no succession of events. He is always awake and always asleep; unlike the sailor who sometimes sits and thinks and sometimes does not think, our Spectator sits and thinks, and does not think, nowever.

A picture has been drawn of the cosmos and its overseeing "Eye." I have only omitted to say that the field is divided by concentric fences which may conveniently, although not necessarily, be thought of as twenty-one in number. The Spectator

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is thus at the twenty-first remove from the outermost fence by which our present environment is defined. Each player's or groundling's performance is confined to the possibilities that are represented by the space between two fences. There he is born and there he dies. Let us consider this born being, So-and-so, as he is in himself and as he believes himself to be—"an animal, reasoning and mortal; that I know, and that I confess myself to be," as Boethius expresses it. So-and-so does not conceive that he can move to and fro in time as he will, but knows that he is getting older every day, whether he likes it or not. On the other hand he does conceive that in some other respects he can do what he likes, so far as this is not prevented by his environment —for example by a stone wall or a policeman or contemporary *mores*. He does not realize that this environment of which he is a part, and from which he cannot except himself, is a causally determined environment; that it does what it does because of what has been done. He does not realize that he is what he is and does what he does because others before him have been what they were and have done what they did, and all this without any conceivable beginning. He is quite literally a creature of circumstances, an automaton, whose behavior could have been foreseen and wholly explained by an adequate knowledge of past causes, now represented by the nature of things—his own nature included. This is the well-known doctrine of *karma*, a doctrine of inherent fatality, which is stated as follows by the *Bhagavad Gītā*, XVIII 20, "Bound by the working (*karma*) of a nature that is born in thee and is thine own, even that which thou desirest not to do thou doest willy-nilly." So-and-so is nothing but one link in a causal chain of which we cannot imagine a beginning or an end. There is nothing here that the most pronounced determinist can disagree with. The metaphysician—who is not, like the determinist, a "nothing-morist" (*nâstika*)—merely points out at this stage that only the working of life, the manner of its perpetuation, can thus be causally explained; that the existence of a chain of causes presumes the logically prior possibility of this existence—in other

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words presumes a first cause which cannot be thought of as one amongst other mediate causes, whether in place or time.

To return to our automaton, let us consider what takes place at its death. The composite being is unmade into the cosmos; there is nothing whatever that can survive as a consciousness of being So-and-so. The elements of the psycho-physical entity are broken up and handed on to others as a bequest. This is indeed a process that has been going on throughout our So-and-so's life and one that can be most clearly followed in propagation, repeatedly described in the Indian tradition as the "rebirth of the father in and as the son." So-and-so lives in his direct and indirect descendants. This is the so-called Indian doctrine of "reincarnation"; it is the same as the Greek doctrine of metasomatosis and metempsychosis; it is the Christian doctrine of our preexistence in Adam "according to bodily substance and seminal virtue"; and it is the modern doctrine of the "recurrence of ancestral characters." Only the fact of such a transmission of psycho-physical characters can make intelligible what is called in religion our inheritance of original sin, in metaphysics our inheritance of ignorance, and by the philosopher our congenital capacity for knowing in terms of subject and object. It is only when we are convinced that nothing happens by chance that the idea of a Providence becomes intelligible.

Need I say that this is not a doctrine of reincarnation? Need I say that no doctrine of reincarnation, according to which the very being and person of a man who has once lived on earth and is now deceased will be reborn of another terrestrial mother, has ever been taught in India, even in Buddhism—or for that matter in the Neo-Platonic or any other orthodox tradition? As definitely in the Brāhmaṇas as in the Old Testament it is stated that those who have once departed from this world have departed for ever and are not to be seen again amongst the living. From the Indian, as from the Platonic, point of view all change is a dying. We die and are reborn daily and hourly, and death "when the time comes" is only a special case. I do not say that a belief in reincarnation has never been entertained in

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India. I do say that such a belief can only have resulted from a popular misinterpretation of the symbolic language of the texts; that the belief of modern scholars and theosophists is the result of an equally naive and uninformed interpretation of texts. If you ask how such a mistake could have arisen I shall ask you to consider the following statements of Saints Augustine and Thomas Aquinas: that we were in Adam "according to bodily substance and seminal virtue"; "The human body preexisted in the previous works in their causal virtues"; "God does not govern the world directly, but also by means of mediate causes, and were this not so, the world would have been deprived of the perfection of causality"; "As a mother is pregnant with the unborn offspring, so the world itself is pregnant with the causes of unborn things"; "Fate lies in the created causes themselves." If these had been texts extracted from the Upaniṣads or Buddhism, would you not have seen in them not merely what is really there, the doctrine of *karma*, but also a doctrine of "reincarnation"?

By "reincarnation" we mean a rebirth here of the very being and person of the deceased. We affirm that this is an impossibility, for good and sufficient metaphysical reasons. The main consideration is this: that inasmuch as the cosmos embraces an indefinite range of possibilities, all of which must be realized in an equally indefinite duration, the present universe will have run its course when all its potentialities have been reduced to act—just as each human life has run its course when all its possibilities have been exhausted. The end of an eviternity will have been reached without any room for any repetition of events or any recurrence of past conditions. Temporal succession implies a succession of different things. History repeats itself in types but cannot repeat itself in any particular. We can speak of a "migration" of "genes" and call this a rebirth of types, but this reincarnation of So-and-so's character must be distinguished from the "transmigration" of So-and-so's veritable person.

Such are the life and death of the reasoning and mortal

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animal So-and-so. But when Boethius confesses that he is just this animal, Wisdom replies that this man, So-and-so, has forgotten who he is. It is at this point that we part company with the "nothing-morist," or "materialist" and "sentimentalist" (I bracket these two words because "matter" is what is "sensed"). Bear in mind the Christian definition of man as "body, soul and spirit." The Vedânta asserts that the only veritable being of the man is spiritual and that this being of his is not "in" So-and-so or in any "part" of him but is only reflected in him. It asserts, in other words, that this being is not in the plane of or in any way limited by So-and-so's field, but extends from this field to its center, regardless of the fences that it penetrates. What takes place at death, then, over and above the unmaking of So-and-so, is a withdrawal of the spirit from the phenomenal vehicle of which it had been the "life." We speak, accordingly, with strictest accuracy when we refer to death as a "giving up of the ghost" or say that So-and-so "expires." I need, I feel sure, remind you only in parenthesis that this "ghost" is not a spirit in the Spiritualist's sense, not a "surviving personality," but a purely intellectual principle such as ideas are made of; "ghost" is "spirit" in the sense that the Holy Ghost is *Sanctus Spiritus*. So then, at death, the dust returns to dust and the spirit to its source.

It follows that the death of So-and-so involves two possibilities, which are approximately those implied by the familiar expressions "saved" or "lost." Either So-and-so's consciousness of being has been self-centered and must perish with himself, or it has been centered in the spirit and departs with it. It is the spirit, as the Vedantic texts express it, that "remains over" when body and soul are unmade. We begin to see now what is meant by the great commandment, "Know thyself." Supposing that our consciousness of being has been centered in the spirit, we can say that the more completely we have already "become what we are," or "awakened," before the dissolution of the body, the nearer to the center of the field will be our next appearance or "rebirth." Our consciousness of being goes nowhere at death where it is not already.

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Later on we shall consider the case of one whose consciousness of being has already awakened beyond the last of our twenty-one fences or levels of reference and for whom there remains only a twenty-second passage. For the present let us consider only the first step. If we have taken this step before we die—if we have been to some degree living "in the spirit" and not merely as reasoning animals—we shall, when the body and soul are unmade into the cosmos, have crossed over the first of the fences or circumferences that lie between ourselves and the central Spectator of all things, the Supernal Sun, Spirit and Truth. We shall have come into being in a new environment where, for example, there may still be a duration but not in our present sense a passage of time. We shall not have taken with us any of the psycho-physical apparatus in which a sensitive memory could inhere. Only the "intellectual virtues" survive. This is not the survival of a "personality" (that was a property bequeathed when we departed); it is the continued being of the very person of So-and-so, no longer encumbered by the grossest of So-and-so's former definitions. We shall have crossed over without interruption of consciousness of being.

In this way, by a succession of deaths and rebirths, all of the fences may be crossed. The pathway that we follow will be that of the spiritual ray or radius that links us with the central Sun. It is the only bridge that spans the river of life dividing the hither from the farther shore. The word "bridge" is used advisedly, for this is the "causeway sharper than a razor's edge," the Cinvat bridge of the Avesta, the "brig of dread," familiar to the folklorist, which none but a solar hero can pass; it is a far-flung bridge of light and consubstantial with its source. The Veda expresses it "Himself the Bridge"—a description corresponding to the Christian "I am the Way." You will have divined already that the passage of this bridge, by stages that are defined by its points of intersection with our twenty-one circumferences, constitutes what is properly called a transmigration or progressive regeneration. Every step of this way has been marked by a death to a former "self" and a consequent

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and immediate "rebirth" as "another man." I must interpolate here that this exposition has inevitably been over-simplified. Two directions of motion, one circumferential and determinate, the other centripetal and free, have been distinguished; but I have not made it clear that their resultant can be properly indicated only by a spiral.

But the time has come to break down the spatial and temporal materialism of our picture of the cosmos and of man's pilgrimage from its circumference to its center and heart. All of the states of being, all of the So-and-so's that we have thought of as coming into being on superimposed levels of reference, are within you, awaiting recognition: all of the deaths and rebirths involved are supernatural—that is, not "against Nature" but extrinsic to the particular possibilities of the given state of being from which the transmigration is thought of as taking place. Nor is any time element involved. Rather, since temporal vicissitudes play no part in the life of the spirit, the journey can be made in part or in its entirety, whether before the event of natural death, at death, or thereafter. The Spectator's pavilion is the Kingdom of Heaven that is within you, viz. in the "heart" (in all Oriental and ancient traditions not only the seat of the will but of the pure intellect, the place where the marriage of Heaven and Earth is consummated); it is there only that the Spectator can himself be seen by the contemplative—whose glance is inverted, and who thus retraces the path of the Ray that links the eye without to the Eye within, the breath of life with the Gale of the Spirit.

We can now, perhaps, better understand all that is meant by the poignant words of the Vedic requiem, "The Sun receive thine eye, the Gale thy spirit," and can recognize their equivalent in "Into thy hands I commend my spirit" or in Eckhart's "Eye wherewith I see God, that is the same eye wherewith God sees in me; my eye and God's eye that is one eye and one vision and one knowing and one love" or St. Paul's "shall be one spirit." The traditional texts are emphatic. We find for example in the Upaniṣads the statement that whoever worships, thinking

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of the deity as other than himself, is little better than an animal. This attitude is reflected in the proverbial saying, "To worship God you must have become God"—which is also the meaning of the words to "worship in spirit and in truth." We are brought back to the great saying, "That art thou," and have now a better idea though a far from perfect understanding (because the last step remains to be taken) of what "That" may be. We can now see how traditional doctrines (distinguishing the outer from the inner, the worldly from the other-worldly man, the automaton from the immortal spirit), while they admit and even insist upon the fact that So-and-so is nothing but a link in an endless causal chain, can nevertheless affirm that the chains can be broken and death defeated without respect to time: that this may happen, therefore, as well here and now as at the moment of departure or after death.

We have not even yet, however, reached what is from the point of view of metaphysics defined as man's last end. In speaking of an end of the road we have so far thought only of a crossing of all the twenty-one barriers and of a final vision of the Supernal Sun, the Truth itself; of reaching the Spectator's very pavilion; of being in heaven face to face with the manifested Eye. This is, in fact, the conception of man's last end as envisaged by religion. It is an eviternal beatitude reached at the "Top of the Tree," at the "Summit of contingent being"; it is a salvation from all the temporal vicissitudes of the field that has been left behind us. But it is a heaven in which each one of the saved is still one amongst others and other than the Sun of Men and Light of lights himself (these are Vedic as well as Christian expressions); a heaven that like the Greek Elysium is apart from time but not without duration; a resting place but not a final home (as it was not our ultimate source, which was in the Non-being of the Godhead). It remains for us to pass through the Sun and reach the Empyrean "home" of the Father. "No man cometh to the Father save *through* me." We have passed through the opened doorways of initiation and contemplation; we have moved, through a process of a progressive

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self-naughting, from the outermost to the innermost court of our being and can see no way by which to continue—although we know that behind this image of the Truth, by which we have been enlightened, there is a somewhat that is not in any likeness, and although we know that behind this face of God that shines upon the world there is another and more awful side of him that is not man-regarding but altogether self-intent—an aspect that neither knows nor loves anything whatever external to itself. It is our own conception of Truth and Goodness that prevents our seeing Him who is neither good nor true in any sense of ours. The only way on lies directly *through* all that we had thought we had begun to understand: if we are to find our way in, the image of "ourselves" that we still entertain—in however exalted a manner—and that of the Truth and Goodness that we have "imagined" *per excellentiam*, must be shattered by one and the same blow. "It is more necessary that the soul lose God than that she lose creatures . . . the soul honors God most in being quit of God . . . it remains for her to be somewhat that he is not . . . to die to all the activity denoted by the divine nature if she is to enter the divine nature where God is altogether idle . . . she forfeits her very self, and going her own way, seeks God no more" (Eckhart). In other words, we must be one with the Spectator, both when his eyes are open and when they are shut. If we are not, what will become of us when he sleeps? All that we have learned through the affirmative theology must be complemented and fulfilled by an Unknowing, the "*Docta Ignorantia*" of Christian theologians, Eckhart's "*Agnosia.*" It is for this reason that such men as Śaṅkara and Dionysius have so strongly insisted upon the *via remotionis*, and not because a positive concept of truth or Goodness was any less dear to them than it could be to us. Śaṅkara's personal practice, indeed, is said to have been devotional—even while he prayed for pardon because he had worshipped God by name, who has no name. For such as these there was literally nothing dear that they were not ready to leave.

Let us enunciate the Christian doctrine first in order the

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better to understand the Indian. The words of Christ are these: that "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall pass in and out." It is not enough to have reached the door; we must be admitted. But there is a price of admission. "He that would save his soul, let him lose it." Of man's two selves, the two Ātmans of our Indian texts, the self that was known by name as So-and-so must have put itself to death if the other is to be freed of all encumbrances—is to be "Free as the Godhead in its non-existence."

In the Vedantic texts it is likewise the Sun of men and Light of lights that is called the doorway of the worlds and the keeper of the gate. Whoever has come thus far is put to the test. He is told in the first place that he may enter according to the balance of good or evil he may have done. If he understands he will answer "Thou canst not ask me that; thou knowest that whatever 'I' may have done was not of 'my' doing, but of thine." This is the Truth; and it is beyond the power of the Guardian of the Gate, who is himself the Truth, to deny himself. Or he may be asked the question "Who art thou?" If he answers by his own or by a family name he is literally dragged away by the factors of time; but if he answers "I am the Light, thyself, and come to thee as such," the Keeper responds with the words of welcome "Who thou art, that am I; and who I am, thou art; come in." It should be clear indeed that there can be no return to God of anyone who still is anyone, for as our texts express it "He has not come from anywhere or become anyone."

In the same way Eckhart, basing his words on the logos "If any man hate not father and mother, . . . yea and his own soul also, he cannot be my disciple," says that "so long as thou knowest who thy father and thy mother have been in time, thou art not dead with the real death"; and in the same way Rūmī, Eckhart's peer in Islam, attributes to the Keeper of the Gate the words "Whoever enters saying 'I am so and so,' I smite in the face." We cannot, in fact, offer any better definition of the Vedic scriptures than St. Paul's "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, extending

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even unto the sundering of soul from spirit": "*Ouid est ergo, quod debet homo inquirere in hac vita? Hoc est ut sciat ipsum.*" "*Si ignoras te, egredere!*"

The last and most difficult problem arises when we ask: what is the state of the being that has thus been freed from itself and has returned to its source? It is more than obvious that a psychological explanation is out of the question. It is in fact just at this point that we can best confess with our texts "He who is most sure that he understands, most assuredly misunderstands." What can be said of the Brahman—that "He is, by that alone can he be apprehended"—can as well be said of whoever has become the Brahman. It cannot be said *what* this is, because it is not any "what." A being who is "freed in this life" (Rūmī's "dead man walking") is "in the world, but not of it."

We can nevertheless approach the problem through a consideration of the terms in which the Perfected are spoken of. They are called either Rays of the Sun, or Blasts of the Spirit, or Movers-at-Will. It is also said that they are fitted for embodiment in the manifested worlds: that is to say, fitted to participate in the life of the Spirit, whether it moves or remains at rest. It is a Spirit which bloweth as it will. All of these expressions correspond to Christ's "Shall pass in and out, and shall find pasture." Or we can compare it with the pawn in a game of chess. When the pawn has crossed over from the hither to the farther side it is transformed. It becomes a minister and is called a "*mover-at-will*," even in the vernacular. Dead to its former self, it is no longer confined to particular motions or positions, but can go in and out, at will, from the place where its transformation was effected. And this freedom to move at will is another aspect of the state of the Perfected, but a thing beyond the conception of those who are still mere pawns. It may be observed, too, that the erstwhile pawn, ever in danger of an inevitable death on its journey across the board, is at liberty after its transformation either to sacrifice itself or to escape from danger. In strictly Indian terms its former motion was a crossing, its regenerate motion a descent.

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The question of "annihilation," so solemnly discussed by Western scholars, does not arise. The word has no meaning in metaphysics, which knows only of the non-duality of permutation and sameness, multiplicity and unity. Whatever has been an eternal reason or idea or name of an individual manifestation can never cease to be such; the content of eternity cannot be changed. Therefore, as the *Bhagavad Gītā* expresses it, "Never have I not been, and never hast thou not been."

The relation, in identity, of the "That" and the "thou" in the logos "That art thou" is stated in the Vedânta either by such designations as "Ray of the Sun" (implying filiation) or in the formula *bhedâbheda* (of which the literal meaning is "distinction without difference"). The relation is expressed by the simile of lovers, so closely embraced that there is no longer any consciousness of "a within or a without," and by the corresponding Vaiṣṇava equation, "Each is both." It can be seen also in Plato's conception of the unification of the inner and the outer man; in the Christian doctrine of membership in the mystical body of Christ; in St. Paul's "Whoever is joined unto the Lord is one spirit"; and in Eckhart's admirable formula "fused but not confused."

I have endeavored to make it clear that Śaṅkara's so-called "philosophy" is not an "enquiry" but an "explicitation"; that ultimate Truth is not, for the Vedantist, or for any traditionalist, a something that remains to be discovered but a something that remains to be understood by Everyman, who must do the work for himself. I have accordingly tried to explain just what it was that Śaṅkara understood in such texts as *Atharva Veda* X.8.44: "Without any want, contemplative, immortal, self-originated, sufficed with a quintessence, lacking in naught whatever: he who knoweth that constant, ageless, and ever-youthful Spirit, knoweth indeed him-Self, and feareth not to die."

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In the Workshop

Research Projects Aid Schools and Scholars

DONALD CAMERON

SCATTERED throughout the United States are hundreds of fine new buildings and roads, constructed under the Federal Works Program to provide employment on worthwhile, enduring projects for millions of idle Americans. Less visible but nonetheless of tremendous importance are the contributions that have been made to almost every conceivable field of knowledge through the research projects of the Works Progress Administration, projects evolved to provide employment for needy persons with professional and technical training.

It is in this field of white collar projects that considerable assistance has been provided for college graduates, students, and to colleges and universities. Of the approximately 50,000 white collar workers employed on WPA studies and surveys a considerable number are college trained men and women who have been unable to find a market in industry for their especial talents.

Many of the projects are sponsored by universities and so far as their effect upon the needy student or graduate is concerned it has been demonstrated that WPA research projects in universities (1) permit the prosecution of important research by faculty members who otherwise would lack the funds, time and personnel to undertake them; (2) provide specialized and scientific, but at the same time practical, experience with pay to young graduates who otherwise might be forced to remain idle or accept manual work in which their professional training would not only be wasted but lost through disuse; (3) provide opportunities for young scholars to win professional recognition—there are several instances in which the names of certified relief workers have appeared as co-authors of scientific articles in highly specialized scholarly journals. In many colleges a substantial number of theses, baccalaureate and masters, have been based on data collected by WPA projects.

The compilation of bibliography, a type of work requiring less

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professional training but providing valuable experience for the workers, makes the research activities of faculty members and others far more effective by virtue of the greater accessibility of pertinent research done elsewhere.

The University of California is an outstanding example of the major institutions that have profited by the Works Program research activities. So widespread is the work undertaken there that space does not permit even a listing of the separate projects: they cover a striking variety of subjects including agriculture, engineering, commerce, the social sciences, biological sciences, physical sciences and the humanities.

A scientific approach to the economic problems besetting state and county officials in Montana was undertaken by Montana State College, which through a number of WPA survey and statistical projects has been assembling pertinent data to assist in working out proper adjustments in the state's agriculture. Employing relief labor paid by the WPA the College initiated surveys the results of which, published in some 40 bulletins, have been used effectively by 17 important state and federal agencies as well as by county officials and educational institutions. This work was undertaken to determine the causes of Montana's agricultural conditions, such as are involved in areas affected by chronic tax delinquencies, continuous change of ownership, mortgage indebtedness, foreclosures, crop yields, types of soils, mobility of families within the state and, to some extent, rural social life.

Under the sponsorship of the American Museum of Natural History, with New York University as cooperating agent and the assistance of the American Museum, New York University and Columbia University libraries, WPA workers have been cataloguing hitherto unorganized literature pertaining to foraminifera. The importance of this work is that foraminifera serve the same purpose for the geologist and engineer that x-ray pictures do for the physician; they give a picture of what may be encountered below the earth's surface. Unhappily the literature of the world on this important subject has been in such a jumbled state that it was difficult for scientists to make the fullest use of it.

In an effort to promote the use of native lignite the North Dakota School of Mines sponsored a survey of heating costs and methods in that state and has provided instruction to North Dakota fuel users in the proper utilization of their local coal.

A survey of ten of the worst perennial weeds in Minnesota was made by the University of Minnesota Agricultural Extension Division, which led to the conclusion that those noxious plants

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could be controlled most effectively and most cheaply through use of clean seed.

Striking at a problem intimately involved with the everyday life of all citizens, a study was made under the sponsorship of Professor E. H. Hamilton of New York University to determine average brake conditions and stopping distance of automotive vehicles. These tests showed that even at the moderate speed of 20 miles an hour the best stopping distance to be expected from an automobile of recent make was 22.5 feet and that if the brakes had not been adjusted recently the probable stopping distance would be approximately 33 feet.

A study of seasonal labor on Arizona irrigated farms was made under the sponsorship of the College of Agriculture of the University of Arizona—but the list could be carried on indefinitely. Three thousand such projects have been operated by the WPA—in such diversified fields as natural resources, planning, science and technology, anthropology, history, art, literature, philosophy, economics, governmental research and education. And the experience of the colleges and universities participating in the programs has been that they have made possible work typical of normal university research—that is, work which would have been undertaken by the universities themselves if funds had been available.

Rediscovering American Drama

EUGENE R. PAGE

A CENTURY and a half has elapsed since native American drama began with Royall Tyler's *The Contrast* in 1787. In succeeding generations hundreds of plays and playwrights have come and gone, in a nation which enjoyed the drama but which, for many years, paid little heed to its preservation. Now when students of 18th and 19th century American life discover that much is to be learned concerning the customs and manners of their ancestors from the humorists, the household annuals, the lady's books and the "dime novels" of that period, they are finding it difficult to study old plays for further insight into such things —because, for the most part, the plays do not exist in print.

American copyright laws, serving more or less adequately to safeguard poet and novelist, offered no protection to the dramatist until almost the beginning of the 20th century. Consequently publication of plays was detrimental to the interests of producer and author alike, and plays might appear regularly for months or even years on the basis of a prompter's copy, a series of actor's "parts" and possibly, though not neces-

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sarily, an author's copy. Only occasionally was a play published after it had outlived its stage usefulness, and in any case there was no public demand for contemporary drama in book form. The prevailing conditions resembled those of Elizabethan England, with the exception that there was not even the authority of a Stationers' Register. Furthermore, the best American playwrights had no Heminges or Condell to preserve their writings for posterity. Theft and piracy were common, rival productions of the same play ran during the same week, and harassed playwrights were offered a few dollars or a single "benefit" performance as sole payment for their labor. The majority of the plays were turned out by actors, managers, prompters and others intimately associated with theatrical enterprises, and with little expectation of reward.

John Augustus Stone's tragedy, *Metamora,* for example, had the unparalleled advantage of great public interest and of the highest reward paid to a native dramatist up to its time. Winner of a thousand-dollar prize contest held by Edwin Forrest, the leading actor of the day, it was played through more than two score seasons. Until today the only available manuscript from the play has been the leading actor's part, and even that was never published. Like the proverbial blind men, students of drama have known "all about it" —through programs, a variety of newspaper and magazine accounts, rambling reminiscences of actors and stage-hands—but in actuality they knew almost nothing of the play itself.

An attempt to rediscover American drama is now, however, under way. Fifty years ago the Dunlap Society began the task of collecting plays, manuscripts and theatrical data, and since the beginning of the present century many scholars have worked with some success. Professor George C. D. Odell's *Annals of the New York Stage* and histories written about the theaters in such important centers as Boston, Charleston, Philadelphia and St. Louis have aided considerably. Dr. Arthur Hobson Quinn's *History of the American Drama,* published 15 years ago, provided more information than had previously been known to exist in the field of "lost" plays. During the past few years colleges have begun to offer courses in the American drama, and preparation for them has furthered the process of rediscovery and brought to light much additional evidence.

But with all these efforts there are still huge gaps in the lists of important plays—gaps which so impressed Barrett H. Clark that he recently began a thorough program of research. With the help of many interested friends he unearthed, in less than a year, more than 200 play manuscripts, none

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of which had ever been published. They are to furnish the basis for the most thorough attempt yet made to supply the student of American literature with a representative selection of the American dramatic scene. One hundred of them will be published by Princeton University Press in a series of 20 volumes—the first of which is to appear this year—sponsored by the Authors' League and the Dramatists' Guild, with the help and encouragement of the Rockefeller Foundation. Each volume in the series, which will be known as *America's Lost Plays*, will be edited by one or two individual scholars under Clark's general direction.

Fittingly, the first volume will include four plays by Royall Tyler. His *The Island of Barrataria*, *The Origin of the Feast of Purim*, *Joseph and His Brethren*, and *The Judgment of Solomon* will be added to *The Contrast*, hitherto his only printed play. William Dunlap, first professional American dramatist and first historian of the American drama, will be represented by two plays to be added to the relatively few of his now available. Four new plays will double the number of Robert Montgomery Bird's published plays and complete the list of his known works. Almost the same results will be achieved for Richard Penn Smith and George Henry Boker. The largest body of new material from any one author will bring to light eleven plays by John Howard Payne. Very recently the complete manuscript of all but one act of Stone's five-act *Metamora*, mentioned above has been discovered and will be included in the series.

The series will see the published plays of Bronson Howard, Augustin Daly, Steele Mackaye and James A. Herne more than doubled; the indefatigable Dion Boucicault will be represented by six hitherto unpublished plays; once-famous dramatists like Bartley Campbell, Thomas Clinch, Joseph M. Field, Frank Murdock and Leonard Grover will for the first time appear in print with typical plays; and such successful playwrights as De Mille, Hoyt and Belasco, and a score of old-time successes including *Davy Crockett*, *Mistress Nell*, *Monte Cristo*, *The Royal Slave*, *Our Boarding House*, *Rosedale*, and *The Crock of Gold* will round out a survey of the American stage.

From libraries and museums, agents and book-dealers, managers and playwrights, and the children and grandchildren of playwrights, the manuscripts have come. Zealous investigation has made the plays available; reawakened interest in our dramatic heritage has made publication possible. We may now expect to add to our already existent histories of the stage the plays themselves which kept it alive and flourishing.

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Discussion

They *Shall* Live!

To the Editor:

In the Autumn 1938 AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Dr. William Lennox in his article, "Should They Live?" advocated the quiet and painless killing of defectives of the lowest type, the sterilization of others, and the decreasing of the number of defectives born by spreading contraceptive information among the lower classes, too poor to obtain it illegally as do the rich and the upper middle class. Dr. Lennox also revived the old bogey of overpopulation and failed to analyze correctly the economic and social results of a static or a declining population for he says naively: "The fewer the people the more of our natural wealth will there be for each."

Now "mercy" killing of course is not new. It is as old as human civilization and characterized the great pagan cultures of antiquity. With the advent of Christianity, however, there came into the world a higher concept of the dignity of man. The Roman idea of the omnipotent state was replaced by the Christian idea of a state existing for its members and bound by certain natural rights no man-made law can destroy.

Practically all the advocates of mercy killing, sterilization and birth control come from the upper brackets of the economic scale and hence feel the payment of taxes more sharply than those who have so little that they pay neither an income nor a property tax. Dr. Potter, leader of the First Humanist Society of New York, gives the whole game away when he says: "How long can the sane stay sane if their taxes rise much higher for the support of the insane?" Dr. Lennox also deplores the expense of caring for the afflicted. In other words, one of the strongest arguments in favor of mercy killing is to save the trouble and expense of caring for these people. Why not go a step further and quietly do away with a few million of the unemployed since they are an even greater expense and since we do not seem to need them? This last idea is by no means fantastic. The Lynds quote an editor in Middletown who actually said that it would be a good thing for the country if an epidemic came along and swept away a few million of the unemployed.

Recently we read of a doctor who killed his son believing the son to have an incurable disease, and then committed suicide, discovering before his death, however, that he had been mistaken after all. Many of us can recall cases among our acquaintances of persons given up by the doctors and then somehow, in defiance of medical science, living to a ripe old age. How many of us would care to trust the type of jury suggested by Dr. Lennox to make the fatal decision? Then too, what is there to preclude a medical discovery that may shift thousands from the incurable to the curable category? The recent use of insulin in insanity cases, for instance, seems to hold out hope for a vast number of those formerly considered hopelessly incurable. Every year some new discovery is heralded. It is demanding too much of human nature to put into the hands of a small committee the power of ordering the death of those whom the doctors may yet someday save. On the other hand if but a very few of the inmates of our institutions are put to death the financial saving will be little or nothing; for the machinery of committees or juries, central administration, etc., will probably be more costly than any saving at all possible to make.

Sterilization of course is closely bound up with mercy killing. It also is supposed to rid the race of its defectives, not by downright murder but by preventing the birth of new defectives. Of all the panaceas put forward in our age in an attempt to map out Utopia this one is the most fallacious even though it seems plausible when superficially examined. Even Dr. Lennox is too well informed to expect much immediate amelioration from the sterilization of congenital defectives, for he says that but 17 per cent of the feeble-minded could thus be eased from "our burden." But his authority for this figure dates back to 1924 and since then the famous English Brock report sets a much lower figure, agreed upon by writers in the British medical *Journal* to be fairly exact at five per cent.

First of all, not more than fifty per cent of all feeble-mindedness seems due to heredity and it is

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almost impossible, as Landman points out (*Human Sterilization*, Macmillan, 1932, p. 268), to tell whether or not a particular case of feeble-mindedness is due to heredity and thereby capable of being passed on to following generations. And only a tiny percentage of the fifty per cent mentally defective through heredity can be traced to defective parents. In other words the vast bulk of those who are feeble-minded through heredity came from healthy stock, and conversely most of the children of the mentally defective were quite normal, as is borne out by Dr. George Stoddard of the Child Welfare Research Association (see *Social Problems*, I, 95). Often in the same family there will be a genius and several mentally-deficient children and thus there is very great danger that in eliminating the deficient we shall also eliminate the superior. "It has been computed that if the proportion of feeble-minded in the population is one per thousand, to decrease that proportion to one per ten thousand, will require about 68 generations, or two to three thousand years, if it is done merely by stopping the propagation of feeble-minded individuals." (H. S. Jennings, *The Biological Basis of Human Nature*, p. 242, Norton, 1930.)

But even if the program could be made effective, how could we determine scientifically those mentally-deficient enough to be forcibly sterilized? It is a current conception, now widely propagated by the newspapers and popular magazines, that the college graduates form the ideal stock for carrying on the race rather than the poverty-stricken slum dweller. Apart from being vicious, this view is scientifically untenable. Raymond Pearl, Director of the Institute for Biological Research of Johns Hopkins University, says ". . . the eugenic condemnation of whole social or economic classes, either directly or inferentially by the contention that only certain classes such as college graduates are eugenically desirable, is unwarranted by anything now known." (*Quarterly Review of Biology*, March, 1927, Vol. II, p. 117.)

Even if at some future time the biologists give us new information that will allow the breeding of perfect physical specimens, we find in history that brains and brawn have not always gone together. We shall then have that very race of mediocre robots described in the *Brave New World*. But who wants to live in that kind of a society? Nature has a strange habit of taking care of things in its own way. A. Myerson, in his *Psychology of Mental Disorders*, (pp. 116-117) describes hereditary cases of mental deficiency and goes on to say: "It appears that mental disease, like physical disease, either destroys the stock which it attacks, or there is final recovery." Our world today would be quite different if our ancestors had tried to operate the modern program of the eugenists. To quote Raymond Pearl again: "In preaching as they do, that 'like produces like,' and that therefore superior people will necessarily have superior children and inferior people inferior children, the orthodox eugenists are going contrary to the best established facts of genetical science, and are, in the long run, doing their cause harm. . . . But, on the record, something of the order of 95 per cent of the greatest philosophers, poets and scientific men that have actually appeared during the history of our race *would never have been born*, because the people who were in fact their parents would not have been allowed to breed under such a [eugenic] régime." (*The Present Status of Eugenics*, p. 20.)

Dr. Lennox and others seem to think that we are still in the era of rugged individualism, that every ambitious man can get a job if he tries hard enough. It is scarcely necessary to explode this fallacy. The truth of the matter is that our whole economic structure of industrial capitalism is tottering and one of the signs of its imminent collapse is its failure to provide work for its serfs and food for new-born babies. It tries to solve the problem by encouraging the serfs to stop having babies!

It is not difficult for the intelligent person to envisage our country some years hence with a declining population, therefore an older one, the enterprise of youth replaced by the conservatism of old age, factories moving into smaller quarters and causing more unemployment, the whole spiral of depression with which we are already only too familiar. Industrial capitalism survived until our time because of its tremendous expansion and its constant reinvestment of profits. Now the situation is changed. Our army of unemployed, our poverty-stricken masses, are not evidence of overpopulation but rather of the ending of the period of our industrial expansion. The Department of Agriculture reports that we could support a population of three hundred million people. We know that our granaries are overflowing, our banks have millions of dollars in their vaults and yet cannot find borrowers, our factories produce more goods than we need. But the answer is not to cut down the population still further by artificial birth-control! The surpluses would be only worse, business would decline still more for the most poverty-stricken masses are prevented by our present industrial order from being producers. They are exclusively consumers since they cannot find jobs.

In regard to Dr. Lennox's argument about the

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"survival of the fittest," isn't it a recognized principle of biology that one of the most important marks of the fitness of a species is its ability to survive? Professor Haldane in his *Heredity and Politics*, points out that in spite of all our humanitarian efforts, the more seriously unfit do not manage to reproduce. But isn't that true of those very intellectuals who would curtail the birth rate of the lower classes?

An intelligent approach to the problem would be to raise the economic level of the masses, for with the advance of culture the time spent in longer education, later marriages, etc. means a perfectly natural slowing of the birth rate. Any other method is doomed to failure. It will be only a question of time until the sons of the poor will have so multiplied that they can vote away the wealth of the birth-controllers, or, after the latter die out because they are unable or unwilling to have children, inherit peacefully the accumulated wealth of the present sponsors of mercy killing, sterilization and birth control.

WALTER JOHN MARX,
Philadelphia, Pa.

[*Ed.'s note:* Dr. Raymond Pearl, asked to comment upon the use of quotations from his writings by both Dr. Lennox (in the Autumn 1938 AMERICAN SCHOLAR) and Mr. Marx, wrote the following brief but enlightening paragraphs.]

To the Editor:

I am not disposed to inject myself into this entertaining and useful controversy. Why should I, when the protagonists are doing so lusty a job?

Actually I think there is neither inconsistency nor contradiction in what these gentlemen are quoting from my work. The essential point appears to be that Doctor Lennox is using primarily what I have said about true *biological defectives*, because there is where his concern mainly is; Mr. Marx is quoting what I have said about the *socially and economically unfortunate*. These are fundamentally two quite different groups of folk, although sometimes the same individual belongs to both groups. Thus I find myself able to agree with a great deal of what both these gentlemen say. I am disturbed by the evergrowing social burden due to the biologically unfit; I am not greatly disturbed by the lusty breeding of the poor.

RAYMOND PEARL, *Director*
Institute for Biological Research,
Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

About Our Authors

Double quotation marks usually indicate passages taken directly from autobiographical letters requested from the authors themselves.

PAUL PORTER, editor of *Kenosha Labor*, grew up on a Missouri farm. Immediately after graduation from the University of Kansas he left for the Far East where he did free lance journalism. . . . "I saw most of Japan (I studied for a time at Tokyo Imperial University) and a considerable part of China, Russia and Northern Europe. After I returned to the United States I lectured for the League for Industrial Democracy in about 150 colleges. . . . As an organizer for the Socialist party in Philadelphia in 1933 I was asked by some taxi drivers to help them form a union. I did and to my embarrassment shortly found myself president of it. . . . During the course of a prolonged illness I gained 40 pounds and the dignity that goes with them. It was almost inevitable that I should become an editor, sagely passing judgment on what other people were doing."

CRANE BRINTON, who was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford 1920-23, has ever since then been "on the ladder of academic advancement" at Harvard, where he is now associate professor of history. On the side he is editor of the *American Oxonian* (the organ of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars). . . . He has written chiefly about the French Revolution and is "particularly interested in what the French call '*politique et moraliste*.'" His latest book, *The Anatomy of Revolution*, was published in 1938 (W. W. Norton). . . . "I have no hobbies that seem cuckoo enough to be interesting though I am more unashamedly fond of motoring than an American highbrow ought to be. At present I am doing annoying but I hope not unnecessary college administrative work and am trying to write what I hope will be a sensible study of Nietzsche."

ALBERT VITON is a graduate of Northwestern University. After several years of graduate work he went to Germany on an assignment from the Lee Syndicate but his work was cut short by the Gestapo. Seven months after his escape he was back in Europe—in Italy for three months, in the Near East for three years, and back in Europe for three months. During that period *Asia* relied almost solely upon him for its discussions of the Near East; and *The Nation*, *Great Britain and the East*, *The Christian Century* and various other periodicals published his material. . . . He is

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now completing a *Sociology of Imperialism* which will be published next autumn, and is also at work on a history of the Near East since the World War.

J. O. PERRINE, since his college and graduate days (at Iowa, Michigan, Cornell, Yale and Harvard), has given his time to teaching physics and to the telephone business. He is now associate editor of the Bell System *Technical Journal*, published by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. . . . "In high school I was something of an athlete, studied Latin for four years and took a fifth year in college. A conflict of courses prevented a sixth year of Latin—and now I believe the gods were with me. . . . One of the very fortunate circumstances of my life was a six months' stay at Como, Italy, amid Italian lakes and Alpine slopes."

ARNO L. BADER is ordinarily assistant professor of English at the University of Michigan, but during the academic year 1936-37 he was exchange professor at National Central University in Nanking, China. And that year represents, he feels, the best thing that has thus far come his way. He went to China with an open mind and in a few weeks realized that the Chinese know more about the art of living than we do. So he combined teaching with apprenticeship. Unfortunately while he was learning many things—from connoisseurship in noodles, "sweet-sour" sauce and bamboo shoots to the devious skills in saving "face"—the war between Japan and China broke out.

HEINZ GURADZE, who was on the French front during the War, received his doctorate after study in several of the leading German universities, and for a decade thereafter was a leading official in German municipal government (first as judge in a municipal labor court and later as City Commissioner). He came to this country almost two years ago. . . . "It was my experience as a youth in the trenches that first aroused my interest in social conditions and later on helped me to realize that men must have a decent livelihood before we can expect them to develop the best human values. As a judge of a municipal labor court in an important industrial area I always tried to mediate between the rights of the employer and the needs of the working class. At that time trade unions in Germany did not need to struggle for recognition. They were the legal representatives of the working population, and in the municipality where I worked the personnel department was on good terms with the trade unions—though quite naturally there were often differences of opinion. It is not at all true that class consciousness or even class struggle necessarily creates class hatred. With good will on both sides it is always possible to find a solution which, although it does not perhaps fully satisfy both groups, will prove a workable compromise."

CARL J. WEBER, head of the English department at Colby College since 1922, has gradually acquired an extensive collection of Hardy material for the Colby library—perhaps the largest Hardy Collection in this country. (The library published a check-list in 1936.) This accessible mine has enabled the author to write numerous articles on Hardy, published in various periodicals here and abroad. In addition he has edited three of Hardy's novels: *Far from the Madding Crowd, Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and Hardy's "lost" novel, *An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress.*

ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY was born in Ceylon, received a doctorate in science from the University of London in 1904, and for the next few years worked in India. He initiated the movement in India for national education, was director of the mineral survey of Ceylon, and in 1910-11 was in charge of the art section of the United Provinces Exhibition at Allahabad. Since 1917 he has been Fellow for Research in Indian, Persian and Muhammedan Art of the Department of Asiatic Art at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. To the initiated he is known as the author of numerous books on art and on Indian religious thought (*Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism, History of Indian and Indonesian Art, A New Approach to the Vedas, Is Art a Superstition or a Way of Life?*)—to select only a few titles. . . . The author believes that a man brought up in the religious tradition of the Western world would not find it difficult to understand Vedantic thought if he had a real knowledge of Christianity as understood by Dionysius, Bonaventura, Thomas, Witelo and Eckhart—but realizes that such knowledge is rare.

EUGENE RICHARD PAGE, professor of English literature at Central College, is one of the editors of the series of *Manuscript Plays* and author of *George Colman the Elder*, a biography of the 18th-century British dramatist and theatrical manager.

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